

CVPIDS
VVHIRLIGIG.

AS IT HATH BENE

Sundrie times Acted, by the

Children of his Maiesties

Reuels.



L O N D O N,
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THE BIRMINGHAM
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PUBLISHED
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THE PROLOGVE

OVr Authors Pen, loues not to swirame in blood,
He dips no Inke from out blacke *Acheron*:
Nor suckes inuention, from the depth of Hell,
Nor crosses Seas, to get a forraine plot.
Hee taxes no Goddesses for fowlest lust,
Nor doth disclose the secret scapes of loue :
He rips not up the horrid maw of Hell,
To shew fowle Treasons hideous ougly face.
Nor doth he touch the falls of mighty Kings,
No ancient Hystorie, no Shepheards loue.
No States-mans life, no power of death he shoves.
He onely striues with myrth to please each one,
Since laughter is peculiar vnto Man.
And being sure, freely to speake can be no sinne,
If honest words haue honest construing.
Therefore to flye the least cause of offence,
Hee onely, findes but words, you finde the sence :
Wherefore, if ought vnto your eares taste tart,
Thanke but your selues, which good to ill conuert :
Yet this hee oft hath char'gd me say :
That hee's a slaue, and of a base condition,
That doth but draw it to suspicion.
That here hee priuately taxeth any man,
Since all the world yeelds vice to play vpon.
What hee intends, Action shall make you know,
I should fore-stall the Play, should I but show.

Cupids Whirligig.



The Actors Names.

The Olde Lord Nonfuch. —	
Alderman Venter. —	A Marchant.
Syr Timothy Troublefome. —	A icalous Knight.
The Lady Troublefome. —	The icalous Knights wife.
Master Correction. —	The Pedant.
Mistris Correction. —	The Midwife.
Peg. —	The Lady Troublefomes Kinswoman.
Nan. —	Olde Venters Daughter.
Nucome. —	The Welsh Courtyer.
Boy. —	Nucomes Pages.
The foure Schollers	
The young Lord Nonfuch. —	{ A Begging Souldies —
	{ Slacke. —
	{ A swaggering Capraine —
Master Exhibition. —	The Innes-a-Court-man.



CVPIDS

WHIRLIGIG.

The Scene in London.

Enter Cupid.

VVith feathers d speede I pierce the Ayre,
The Clouds asunder I did teare;
And thus with wings and Bowe come I,
Newly from Iauus hye Court in Skie.
My Mother kiss'd mee at our parting,
But did charge me leaue my Darting,
And with a strict command did say,
Boy on a Whirligig goe play.
But such a Round ile make him runne,
As he shall end, where first he beganne.
My Scourge-sticks shall be made of Darts,
Feather'd with fighes of Louers hearts,
Which make them flye with swiftest flight,
As Lightning in Tempestuous Night.
My Scourge is selfe, are golden Tresses,
More richer farre then Chaynes of Esses,
With which ile make some daunces a liege;
More rounder yet, then ere did Giege.
But Time doth call me to be gone.
Yet first to all you lookers on.
Before I part, I thus much tell,
That Gods can doe impossibill.
And though you doe not all times eye me,
Yet know as all times I am hye.
And be assur'd, and doe not thinke,
But that you stand full nere the brinke,
Of my displeasure: which if ye winne;
In Love ile make ye sinke or swimme:
Thus farewell all, be patient yet a while, (guile)
Lest Cupid make your selues, your selues be.

Cupids Whirligig.

*Enter the elde Lord Nonsuch, Alderman Venter,
and Syr Timothy Troublefome.*

Venter. **M**Y Lord, you know your selfe, and I haue long liued Friends, and shall wee now with firme affection knit / tie fast our Friendship in our Off-springs Loue, conuey our Cares in one, our Goods together, and our Loues in them, and whiles the remnant of our Aged dayes doe last, lets d'off all discontentis, cast by the Worlds, incomber, and leaue the carefull burthen of keeping that was care enough to get vpon the youthfull hope of their more able strength.

Olde Lord. O Neighbour Venter, doe you not know, that to marrie a Child, is but to marrie a man? For he that cuts a tender Twig in springing, both marres his length, & spoyles his growing: my Sonne shall first see twentie yeares of age, before my condescent shall once be giuen to make him Father of a Sonne: Besides, your Daughter as yet is but very young: and though in Womens Sex it is commonly scene, desire of Marriage rydes alwayes in post, yet in their inne repentance is their Host: the fault of this is alwayes knowne to bethrough foolish Husbands: or such as are too young, for Children to their Wines, are like Fruit halfe ripe, they yeeld no taste, nor giue no sweete delight.

Ven. Behold, heere comes my young Lord the very modell of your selfe, the rigor of youth, and strength of all your future hopes.

Olde Lord. And hee is welcome, what suddaine Gust (my Sonne) in haste hath blowne thee hither, and made thee leaue the Courte, where so many Earth-treading starrs adorne the Skeye of State? or as the Summers speckled flowry Garment is spread about the seate of Maiestie? what is the reason thou hast left this Earthly Paradise, to visit vs before our expectation?

Young Lord. My Loue deere Father (to your faire Wife) hath made my howres of absence from this place, seeme
tedi.

Cupids Whirligig.

tedious yeares, I could not but returne from whence I came as like to Man, the which of Clay was fram'de, at first did walke a while vpon the Earth, but in the ende returnde to Dust: or like a Riuer, which through the Earth doth draw his life, and spring from out the Sea. Thus I that from you sprung, haue runne my course a while, but now as to my Sea returne to you againe.

Old Lord. Thy answer with thy wifdome hath enrich'd thy welcome: Deere friends, I pray you set your hands to this my deede.

Exit old Lord.

Ven. I doe my Lord with all deuoted loue. *Exit Ven.*

Kni. And I which hate my Wife his Mistris: his welcome home, will breede my ill at home. I breed my horns as Children teeth, with sicknesse and with paine: and yet I will with as smooth a face as my wife will giue mee leaue, make shew of welcome. *Syz.* I much reioyce to see you, and doubt not but ere long, you'll come and see where my poore house doth stand.

Young Lord. Or else I were vnworthie of your loue, if I neglect the visitation of such kinde friends as your selfe and my deare Mistris.

Kni. Visitation! my Wife's not sicke, what visitation? 'Tis I am ill, 'tis the Horne-plague I haue, I am sure 'tis not Gods visitation, yet they are the Lords tokens, for hee hath sent them mee: but marrie when you will, ile trie and you be a Chandler, ile see if youle take your owne Tokens againe: well, but in the meane time, I am marked for death, yet heele be in the pit before me: O that I should be a Cuckold! a Creature of the last Edition, and yet of the olde print.

Enter Wages.

Wages. O *Syz.* what make you heere when there's a gallant Gentleman, but newly come from Court talking with in with my Ladie?

Kni. Yet I more Courtiers, more Gallants, more Gentlemen now in a hundred thousand horn'd diuels names, what makes a there? what, is a gone to bed to my Lady? doth a Cuckold me in mine owne House, in mine owne Chamber?

Nay,

Cupid's Whirligig.

Nay, in mine own Sheets / what hee's come to visite her too,
is a not, ha? But let mee see, I haue now found out a trick to
know if my wife make me Cuckold, I will gelde my selfe, &
then if my wife be with child, I shall be sure I am a Cuckold,
that will doe brauely Faith, God a mercie braine.

Enter Lady and Nucome.

Lady. Syr, I am sorry that I cannot with that free scope
of friendly Entertainment, giue welcome to your Worth,
because a ialous spirit haunts my Husband, which doth
disturbe vs all: This Diuell hath long vext him, and hee as
long vext mee, and were I not compos'd of more cheere than
ordinary Female Spirit, the burthen of his wrongs would
tyre me quite.

Syr, this is my Husband.

Nuc. I cry ye mercie Syr, I did not see yee.

Kni. A man would thinke ye saw me, for I am sure ye haue
hit me right enough.

Nuc. I pray Syr, bee not angrie, I haue not any way of-
fended you, nor would.

Knight. Nay, nay, though I bee, yee may be friends again
with me in spite of my teeth: for looke ye first my wife and
I are but one and then though I fall out with you, you may
fall in with her.

Nuc. Syr, I come not to offend you, nor

Knight. Nay, nay, ye may, ye may ysaith, ye may, my wife
is charitable, and would be glad by such meanes to make
vs friends.

Nuc. Syr, then know, I scorn my eyes should stand as
witnesses vnto your Ladies wrongs, and let you go unpun-
ished: slight, see a sweet Lady abuse! *He draws his sword.*

Lad. Syr, you shall not touch him: Husband your are too
blame, your madnesse makes you much forget your man-
ners, and wrongs my hir birth, to make me the onely can-
kerd, & worm-eaten branch, that sprung out of my Fathers
Noble stocke. No, no, know that the Tree from which I
grew, brought forth good Fruits to all, not bad to you:
but henceforth I'll shake hands with honesty, and exorcise
a carelesse humour: For looke ye Syr, the Diuell giues vs
iealousie

Cupids Whirligig.

iealousie to man, as nature doth a tayle vnto a Lion, which thioke in heate to beate away the flies, when he doth most irage himselfe with it: but come sir, will ye bee my seruant, my sipher, my shadow, or indeed any thing?

Newc. Your shadow (if you please) and you my substance.

Lad. With all my heart.

Kni. I, I warrant her with all her heart, and now must he doe as all shadowes doe, when night comes, creeps into the substance.

Lad. Say a do, ye heare husband, I here doe vow before all the watchfull guard of heauen, that I haue liu'd as true vnto thy bed, and chaste vnto thy loue, as ere was Turtle to her mate: but henceforth ceremonious custome shall not curbe me of delight, let her be brideled by opinion, whose weake desires cannot breake her raines: for my part, ile make you know my will is like a flint, smooth and cold, but being hardly strooken, sparkles forth fire even in the strikers eyes: I am asham'd that I haue said thus much, yet I may lawfully speake, for why? come sir, will ye walke? the Proverbe saies, glue loofers leave to talke.

Exeunt Ladie and Newcome.

Kni. O Wages, Wages, O honest Wages! what other Gallants come to your Ladie in my absence?

Wag. Truly sir, sometimes there comes a proper young Gentleman, one master *Wadlie*.

Kni. Would lie? with whom would hee lie good *Wages*?

Wages. Why with my Ladie sir, and hee could get her good will: but he is a Gentleman I can assure yee sir, for hee walkes alwayes in boots, but in truth his Gentilitie is something decaying, his bootes are on their death-bed, for their soles are upon parting, and I thinke hee bee a Souldier too, for his sword and his hangers are more worth then all his cloathes, and a is a very proper man, for hee is as tall as one of the guard, and he will come sometimes and take my Ladie by the hand, and pompe for wit halle an houre together.

B

Kni.

Cupid's Whirligig.

Kni. How doest meane, Pumpe, ha!

Wag. Why sir, thus he will take my Lady by the hand, and wring it halfe an houre together, and say nothing.

Kni. Is that pumping for wit?

Wag. O sir I, for hee that wrings a faire Lady by the hand, and sayes nothing, doth but pumpe for witte, that's certaine.

Kni. A most wittie exposition, of what yeares?

Wag. Faith sir, he's indeede a man of no cares, for a hath been on the pillaric.

Kni. But what makes the cropeard Stallion with my wife then?

Wag. Alas nothing, but lies with her, and she lies with him, would you haue any more?

Kni. More? no, too much by heauen, nay, then twa's past suspection, past doubt, past iealousie, is not my haire turnd all to hornes? am I not a monstrous and deformed Beast? my wife's a Goddesse (though not *Diana*) she can transforme: I branch Wages, I branch, do I not? am not I goodly (screen for men to hang their hats vpon.

Wag. Why sir? ye are no Cuckold.

Kni. No? no Cuckold? he lies with your Ladie, and your Ladie lies with him, yet I am no cuckold.

Wag. Why no, giue me but attention, and with a word ile wipe away your hornes.

Kni. No, no, words are too weake to wipe them off, when deeds haue put them on.

Wag. But heare me sir.

Kni. With open eares to swallow comfort.

Wag. I met my Ladie and hee last by the Garden wall, and asking for your iealous worship, they both replide, you were not iealous, this spoke they both together: in this, you know they both did lye together, and yet made you no cuckold.

Kni. Hal mean'st so?

Wag. Euen so indeed sir.

Kni. Nay, then I cry ye mercy wise, yfaith; shes yet may chance be honest.

Wag. O

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Wag. O sir, very honest, as a prettie Semsteris, or a poore waiting Gentlewoman.

Kni. Well Wages, if I be a cuckold——

Wag. Well sir, what will ye doe if ye be?

Kni. What will I doe? Ile make it knowne, for I will be a Citizen, and so be a subiect for Poets, and a slave to my owne wife, therefore follow me Wages, I will doo't.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the Lady alone.

Lad. O griefe! how thou torment'st me, it dwels in mine eyes, seales on my bloud: swimmes in my teares, and lodges in my heart. O heauen! haue I deseru'd this plague? O Husband! why should'st thou vse me thus? was not my behaviour unto thee as soft as Downe, as smooth as polliſh'd christall, I and my loue as cleare? was I not like a handmaid, euen obedient to thy very thoughts? did not my nuptiall dutie like a shadow, follow the very turning of thine eye? Oh! thou once didst loue me, but thy loue was too hot, and like to selfe-consuming fire, it burnt out, and how soone tis turn'd to cold ashes, and therefore henceforth ile seeme iea-lous of him: for since all indeuours faile, ile now trie if iea-lousie can driue out iea-lousie: and here is fit occasion for to worke vpon: Why how now Husband, woiuing of another wife before my death, whence comes this? in my conscience tis a plague that *Cupid* hath laine vpon mee for sleeping crosleg'd in your absence. What, are ye growne as weary of your wife, as of a foule shirt? must ye be changing.

Feg. Good Madam be patient.

Lad. Patient! no, you are his patient, and he is your Physician, a ministers to yee (with a *Morbui Gallicus* take yee both) I pray forsooth let mee bee your Butler, and scrape your Trenchers, since I am already faine to liue of your lea-uings.

Kni. Woman, art iea-lous?

La. I.

Kni. Why?

La. Because you giue me cause: but man are you iea-lous?

B 2

Kni. I.

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Kni. I.

La. Why?

Kni. Because thou givest me cause.

La. Tis false.

Kni. True, false, thou hast beene false indeed, abuse my bed, infected euen my very bloud, and made it grow to hard impostumes on my browes: hast thou not wantonly chang'd naked imbracements with strangers? abuse thy Nuptiall vow/hast not thy unsatiate wombe, brought forth the bastardie of lust to call me father? But ile abandon thee, disclaime that, and hate ye both.

New. Do'y heare me sir, vpon my conscience, you doe wrong your Lady.

Kni. If I doe her wrong, youle doe her right, I beare a blow of yours, the which I neuer felt: You are like a mans Taylor, that works with open Shop for the Husband, but if you chaunceto doe any thing for the wife, you must doe it inwards, inwards! you are a good workman, I must needs say: you haue fitted my wifes bodie: How say, wife, has a not?

Lad. Not, but you can euen in my sight cast amorous glances vpon others: you haue forsooke my bed, abhorred my presence, and like a man past grace & shame, strut like a pimper before a wanton feather-wagging mink at high-noon: beside, did I not finde thee killing of my Maide?

Kni. Did not I finde thee in private conference with my Horse-groom?

Lad. Didst thou not offer thy Maide a new gowne, for a nights lodging?

Kni. Didst not thou give a diamond to the Butler?

La. Didst not thou send a bowd Angell to thy Landresse daughter?

Kni. No, tis false.

Lad. Yes, tis true, and then when I told thee on't, thou swarest twas out of charity, because the Wench was poore, her Father an honest man, and her Mother a painefull woman: For these and these causes, you were kinde vnto the Daughter, grow while I was contented to beleeue; because

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cause I was vnwilling, like a faint hearted Souldier to looke of mine owne wounds, vntill I saw thou woundst my loue anew, and slewest thine owne reputation.

Kni. Art mad?

Lad. No, but a little icalous like you, I will no longer maintaine thy sanguine sinne, sooth lust with patience, nor in broken singing language flatter thy folly, as sweet heart do not wander: for I do love thee deare, as doth a Goose her Gander: a Goose indeede, for if ought but a Goose, I should haue sought revenge for wrongs.

Kni. What, art drunke?

La. No, for I haue sufficient reason, too much knowledge, and sence enough to feele my wrongs: why should wee women bee slaves to your imperfections? haue wee not soules of one mettall, are wee not as free borne as you? are we not all *Adams* off-spring? did you not fall as well with him as wee, and shall wee be still kept downe, and you rise?

Kni. Doeſt heart? yee are a sort of vncertaine, giddie, wauering, tottering, tumbling creatures, your affections are like your selves, and your selves like your affectionous, up and downe (like the ruckes on your petticoates) which you let fall, and take up, as occasion serues: I haue seene of your Sex fall in loue with a man for wearing a handsome Rose on his shoe: another fall into the passion of the heart, to see a man white his point to make water; a third fall into the shaking Ague, for eating a bodie cherrie with two stones, and yet you be fellowes, even with the very image of your Maker, but wilt let me alone, and yfaith ile be quiet.

La. Alone? faith no.

Kni. Then ile leaue thee, since I know tis folly beyond madnesse, to make her pleasure cause of my sadnesse.

Exit Knight.

New. Beleeue it Lady, this was well done, and like a Ladie of a high birth: make your husband know his aduancement.

La. O shadow, shadow, I would haue you know I would not wrong him for all the Seas drown'd riches: for

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if my heate of bloud should doe it as he supposeth it doth, euen that bloud would like a traitour write my faultes with blushing redde upon my cheekes: but because I (as all women and Courtiers do) loue good cloathes, which his eyes weare, yet he abraides me, swearing tis to please the multitude, and that I spread gay ragges about me, like a net to catch the hearts of strangers: if I goe poore, then he swears I am beastly, with a loathed sluttishnesse: if I be sad, then I grieve he is so neare: if merry, and with a modest wantonising kisse, imbrace his Loue, then are my twistings more dangerous then a Snakes, my lust more vnstatiate then was *Messalina*: yet this from ielousie doth alwayes grow. What most they seeke, they loth't of all would know. But now to you deare Cousen, forgiuenesse let mee aske, and pardon for my sained ielousie, and take but thus much of my counsell. Marrie not in hast, for shee that takes the best of Husbonds, puts but on a golden fetter, for husbonds are but like to painted fruite, which promise much, but still deceiues vs when we come to touch: if you match with a Courtier, heele haue a dozen Mistresses at least, and repent his marriage within foure and twenty houres at most, swearing a wife is fit for none but an old Iustice, or a countrie Gentleman. If ye marrie a Citizen (though hee liue neuer so honest) yet ye shall bee sure to haue a Cuckold to your Husband. If a Lawyer, the neatnesse of his Clarke will draw in question the good carriage of his wife. If a Merchant, heele be venturing abroad, when a might deale a great deale more safe at home: therefore come, Cousen come, lets home, and this take of me, That amongst the best there's none good, all ill: shee's married best, that's wedded to her will.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the young Lord.

Young Lord. They say *Cupid* is a boy, yet I haue knowne him confute the opinion of all your Philosophers: For they hold euerie light thing tendes directly up: but I thinke

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thinke all knowes he makes every light wench fall directly downe. Well, I am sure a hath knocked mee with his bird-bolt, for the which *Venus* giue him correction, for I do already loue a Ladie of an incomparable delicacie, but shee's another mans, and will shut her eares as close to keepe out charmes, as great men doe their gates, to keepe in almes. Yet I haue no reason to dispaire, for I haue kil'd her, and the French prouerbe saies, *Fame baissée est demioyée*, a woman kil'd is halfe inioyed: but I feare he meanes but the vpper halfe.

I haue here a Letter must work a strange thing, and yet no miracle, it must make a Ladie loue her friend better then her owne husband.

Enter Wages.

Wag. Saue ye my Lord.

Lord. O Wages! what Tennis-ball ha's fortune taken thee for, to toss thee thus into my way?

Wag. I hope ye will not strike me into any hazard of my life though.

Lord. But what's the newes my Lad, what's the newes? how doth sir Timothie Troublesome, that iealous Knight thy master?

Wag. Why sir, a doth with his wife like a cowardly Capitaine in a towne of Garrison, feares every assault, trembles at the batterie, and doubts most, lest the gates should bee opened, and his enemy let in at midnight.

Lord. Now in the name of destiny who feares a?

Wag. O sir, next to your self, none so much as your Courtier, for euen with venom'd breath, a speakes of them: for saith he, haue but a suite to one of them, and they are like Iordaines, which though ye open the Fludgates of your bountie, and fill them to the very brimme, yet theile alwaies stand gaping for more.

Lord. But dost thou thinke his Lady honest?

Wag. As womans flesh may be.

Lord. But she ha's been a Courtier, and therefore knowing most good, methinkes she should commit least euill.

Wag. O sir, I will not but wish sanctified and hallowed thoughts.

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thoughts, touch *Cynthia's* bright beames, whom all eyes do adore, and hearts doe worship: where purest Chastity doth shine in spotlesse robes of splendent maiesty, where nature emulating heaven, to make her euen as faire as shee is vertuous; but yet I well could wish, you know that in the skie of Court are many starres, the which at midnight shoot and fall.

Lor. True, through most of the twelve signes, for they shoote from their Husbands at Aries (which gouernes the head) and fall at Scorpio, and so indeed they shoote from top to taile: but honest Will ye bind me to'y.

Wag. I thinke sir twill not be so much for your health, as I should keepe you sollable.

Lor. I meane in courtesie good Wages.

Wag. O! the very name of good Wages, will make a Seruingman doe any courtesie.

Lor. Then befriend me thus, deliver this Letter to your Ladies owne hand, with as much secrecie as yee may, and take this for your imployment.

Wag. As secret as shee that sells Complexion: None but the Chamber-maide shall know it. *Exeunt at two doores.*

Actus secundus, Scena prima;

Enter Ladie alone with a Letter.

YEa? hane your eyes like Sunne-glances, catch't the heate of my beautie, and cast it on your owne heart, and with your sighes like bellowes, made it more inflamde: then spend your teares to quench it, for my chaste-blounds honour shall neuer doe it. Lust, it's like an ouer-swollen River, that breakes beyond all bounds, it's a Diuell bred in the blood, nur'd in Desire, and like a Sallamander, liues in a continuall fire: it sprouteth larger then Ivie, which imbraceth, twisteth, and intangleth euerie one within his reach, and makes no choice betweene the goodliest Cedar and the stinkingst Elder: it's a foule usurper on the name of loue, and raignes with greater dominion, then an Emperour,

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ror: it's a very leprousliche, it stains, and leaves a fouler spot vpon the soule, then teares can wash away: but my chaste thoughts shall watch mine Honor: he murther up my prayers: so fight against temptation: shall I that haue bene a commander of my selfe, now prooue a slave to sinne? No, no, my mounting thoughts doe soare too high a pitch to stoop to any strangers lure. Say that a peccoth filth intangled were within my secret-thorne crests, should I to save his life, cut and deforme me of so rich an ornament? What though the Lord Nonfuch within my loue throughed him, must my Honor now be clipt to free him free? No, no, my law is this and euer shall: hee that on hope doth climbe, doth often fall. But what shall I doe? a wretche here a will come: wit of a Woman now assist me, O speres shining bee now auspicious, for here's my Husband, something I must doe: I ha'e,

Enter Knight.

Kni. Now faire mistris: this is strange to finde you here alone.

Lad. Not alone, but imviron'd and accompanied;

Kni. With what?

La. With many heart-biting thoughts, which like Aetons hounds, haue almost slaine my selfe, yet now my conscience shall prooue a glasse, in which your selfe shall see your owne errors: the Lord Nonfuch which you haue long inspected, with vntempered edge of lust, hath alwaies sought, (I must confesse) to cut my very reputations throte, and this night——

Kni. This night?

Lad. I this night, but haue no husband.

Kni. No, no, cuckold me, kill me with griefe, doe, doe, and when I am dead marry him: a ha's made you a sower already of Breech downe: well wife well, I married you out of the Country, but you haue learn'd the Cities fashions already: I am a Cuckold, I am, but ignorance that I was to blame: thus to young, not being able scarce to see shine this apparition.

Lad. I was the fitter for a Husband, ye might then a been

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sure to haue taken me a bed at all times.

Kni. True, so might other men too.

La. No, ye are deceiu'd husband, other men neuer lie with a mans wife, but when she is readie for them, but to the purpose: this night haue I promise the Lord Non-such a shall inioy my loue, for which cause hee will send a certaine Pander before, for feare you stand a rocke in his way, on which all his hopes will suffer ship-wracke. Now this same Panderly Pylate shall be by you bribed to stand sentinell, and giue the watchword when a comes, that you may then punish him either with death or feare.

Kni. O shallow and womannish inuention, as if he would betray his master.

La. Tut, money oftentimes corrupts a good disposition, and makes a knaue ride posse to hell.

Kni. But is this true? art honest indeed? come hither, dost loue me, dost? nay but tell me true, dost?

La. Or else in hatred let me euer liue.

Kni. Doe not flatter me, I scarce beleue thee, thou neuer kissest me, but with such an affection, as a young wife doth an old husband, wringing her lippes, and making a mouth, as if she were taking a Potion.

La. You distast me much sir,

Kni. Dost not distast me too sometimes, tell me true?

La. Nothing but your lealoufie.

Kni. Well, prethee forgive me and lets goe, but ile so swindge my Lord, a horson otter, ile teach him fish in other mens ponds

Exeunt amos.

Enter Young Non-such and Wages.

Lor. Did you deliuer my Letter?

Wag. With secrecy.

Lor. To her selfe?

Wag. Her owne hands.

Lor. Made she any answer?

Wag. Not any.

Lor. What other newes then rides on the backe of report?

Wag. Why they say sir, that mistris Correction the Mid-wife, is turn'd Hermaphrodite.

Lor.

Cupids Whirligig.

Lor. Why Hermaphrodit ?

Wag. Why sir, she is become a Midwife, for as your hermaphrodit hath two members, the one to beget; the other to bring forth, so hath your Midwife two meanes, the one to bring you to beget, the other to bring it forth when tis begotten: and looke you sir, here shee appears vpon her Q.

Enter Mistris Correllion.

Lor. O prethee do thou boord her as she passes by.

Wag. Who, I boord her? by this light I dare not.

Lor. Then I will: fairely met faire Mistris.

Mist. Cor. Indeed forsooth I haue bin, by my truth I see he is a fine spoken man.

Lor. Where about is your house faire Lady ?

Mist. Cor. Here fast by sir, not aboue a couple of stones cast off.

Wag. What Gentewomen haue ye at home ?

Mist. Cor. O Master Wages, how do'y? faith sir I haue no body at home but mistris Punckit, you know her well.

Lor. What's she ?

Mist. Cor. Truly sir a very courteous Gentewoman, and she loues to act in as cleane linnen as any Gentewoman of her function about the towne, and truly that's the reason that your sincere puritanes cannot abide to weare a Surpletse, because they say tis made of the same thing that your villanous sin is committed in, as your most prophane holland.

Wag. Pra'y when was Master Wraissler of the Guard at your house ?

Mist. Cor. Who he? in troth Mi. Punckit cannot abide him, she swears a lookes for all the world like the Dominicall Letter, in his red Goate: no Master Wages no, I can tell ye I haue other manner of Guests come to my house then hee: I haue Pensioners, and Gentlemen Vshers, Knights, Captaines and Commanders, Lieutenants, and Antients, voluntarie Gentlemen, I, & men that weare their clokes linde through with veluer; I entertaine no Mutton eating Innes-a court men, no halfe linde cloake Citizens: nor flat cap Prentises, no, the best come to my house, Master New-

Cupid's Whirligig.

come the Courtier was there the other day, and truly hee would haue had some dealing with Mi. Punckie, but that he had no filler: and yet I must needs say't, a would a put her in very good obsecution, for a brought a Gentleman with him that would a giuen his word in a consumption of twentie pound, that a shoulde a paied her at next meetings, and truly, but that her trade stands so much vpon present payment, and partly formortalities take, I thinke else shee would a taken it, and yet before a went, I must needs say't, a shewed him selfe like an honest Gentleman and a Courrier, for a left his Perriwigge in pawne: but had you scene how Hook'd, for all the world like an Elfridges egge, with a face drawne of the one side.

Lar. What other guests haue ye?

Mi. Cor. There comes master Exhibition of the Innes a court very often, and Master Angell-taker the Counsellor comes sometimes, but Mistris Punckit doth so iell with him, she sweares to him as she hopes to be saued, and I may tell you fir, there's great hope on't, for truly she vseth iust and vpriight dealing with euery man, but as I said, as she hopes to be saued, she would not marry him of all the men in the world.

Lar. No, why?

Mi. Cor. Because she saies that Lawyers are like Trunpeers, they sell their breath.

Lar. There's a foole tell her, the Lawyers are the pillars of the Realme,

Mi. Cor. Yes forsooth so I said, but she said they were not onely the Pillars, but the Polers also, but I pray you fir of what profession are you?

Lar. Path of none Gentlewoman, onely a young gallant as you be.

Mi. Cor. A young Gallant, say you? yfaith, he quickly trie that by and by, do'y haue sin, do'y haue? *During her hand to her purse.*

Lar. What say you Gentlewoman?

Mi. Cor. I pray can you giue me ten shillings for vpon of gold.

Lar.

Cupid's Whirlingig.

Lor. Yes that I can.

Ass. Cor. O fir, O fir, I perceive you are no gallant, with, it would goe deepe my friend, I may tell you for a young gallant to change three groats for a shilling, and were great fish, I may tell you too, no Angel for in a gallants great host.

Lor. Hold mistress, spend that for my sake, and it shall not be long ere I will come and visit your house.

Ass. Cor. I thank you worship, fir, be bold as to take my deliuerance out of your company.

Lor. Farwell.

Wag. God be with you mistress Correlation.

Ass. Cor. The like to you good Master Wages, but doe you heare fir, I hope if your worship come to my house, if there be no body at home but my selfe, though I am an old woman, yet I hope your worship will not despise age.

Lor. No, no, feare not that.

Mist. Cor. I thanke ye heartily fir.

Lor. With all my heart, Wages farwell, and bring but an answer of my letter, and I will bee thy pay-master, not thy debter.

Exeunt

Enter Nuccio, Wages and Pag.

Nuc. Indeede Lady I am a Courtier.

Pag. I vnderstand so much by your name good Master Nucombe.

Nuc. And I am in grace too Lady, what my soules sweet secretarie! you are fairely met indeed, how doth old Venter thy father?

Nuc. O how perfum'd your Cousin's phancies are: I left him in health fir.

Wag. O I, they speake in print I can tell you, and though it be a lione, to rob a man of his learning, yet Courtiers are very skillons blamde for getting out of any mens books.

Pag. Yet I haue knowne them steale out of them ere now.

Nuc. Nay, then youe make a Courtier a Thiefe.

Cupid's Whirligig.

Peg. I, such a one as the good theefe was.

Nan. Maile I wonder what Country man that good theefe was?

Nac. O, a was my country man Lady, hee was a borderer on Northwales, I can assure you.

Nan. Indeed and so I thinke, for not to flatter ye, many of your Country men haue prooued good theeuers euer since: but I pra'y tell mee, is it the fashion of your Northwales, to suffer your beards to grow vpwards thus, in spite of your nose?

Nac. Yes Lady, all of vs that are Courtiers: marrie before when we were poore countrie fellows, wee suffered our beards carelesslie to grow downwards, and then they grow into our mouths in spite of our teeth, now you know haire is but excrement, and for mine own part, I had rather haue my excrement in my nose, then in my teeth.

Peg. I haue heard most of your Country men are verie active men:

Nac. O Lady, I haue seene a youth of eightene yeeres in our Country, would a caper'd ye thus hie!

Wag. Tas bin in a string then.

Peg. Is it possible?

Nan. Nay, beleue it, a would haue done it with all his heart, but he could not. (ric valiant.

Peg. They say too, most of your Countrymen are ve-

Wag. O I, they terrifie their enemies with patience.

Nac. O, wee make the excellent'st Souldiers in the world.

Peg. I, but they say, they cannot presse a man to the warre though, in all your countrie.

Nac. Yes Knights.

Nan. Why Knights?

Nac. To saue our Landed men at home.

Nan. I haue heard, most of ye are great Trauellers.

Nac. I, for France, Spaine, and Englanp, and such neighbour Countries, why I haue beene as farre as Winchester my selfe.

Wag. Indeed tis true, some c fye Trauaile so far abroad,

Cupids Whirligig.

as ye come short home many times.

Peg. I haue heard ye are all Gentlemen.

Nuc. Indeede I must confesse Ladie, wee haue few beggers, and those we haue, we reward according, for if hee be a lustie Knaue, we giue him a Lawyers almes, tell him of the statute: if a poore and decrepit fellow, we giue him a Citizens wiues charitie, crie God helpe him, God helpe him.

Peg. By your leaue Master Nucome, me thinkes you haue a prittie lace on your band.

Nuc. A prittie slight court lace, all show, all show.

Nan. What's this, a shirt that ye weare? else tis a mock-begger with stripes.

Nuc. No, tis a shirt Lady.

Nan. What, did you make this doublet new, or else yee new made it?

Nuc. Yes I made it new Lady?

Nan. Beleeue me sir, but the linings are old:

Peg. Fie, they are greasie.

Nuc. I thinke they are something sweatie indeed with hunting.

Nan. Hunting: why a man neede not hunt far for game, what's this? *She findes a toad.*

Nuc. O, a Sallamander Ladie, tis a Sallamander bredde with the continuall heate of sweating.

Peg. What's your breech made all of one stufte Master Nucome?

Nuc. Pray why doe you aske?

Peg. Because me thinkes the soile change's here behind.

Wag. I, and so doth the aire as well as the soile I warrant yee.

Nan. What are these hose made of the newest fashion ye haue at Court?

Nuc. Faith Lady for mine owne part I am no mans Ape, this is my fashion, & sometimes I stand in the presence with my cloake linde through, either with veluet, or with Tassata if with Veluet, I let him hang on my shoulder, making the greatestt shoue, carrie my hat here.

Peg.

Cupid's Whirligig.

Peg. Now by the soule of chastitie I sweare, tis a proper man.

Alc. If any man possibly and salute me, I salute him againe: but if my Lady be Gentlewoman glide through the prietice, and cast her eye on mee, as commonly they vnderstand on men, that thence they shewe, or glister as I al-
ways doe.

Nan. Ye! alwaies making glister, I hold my life hee is a Postman: do you neuer make no suppositions?

Nuc. I keepe my place of standing, carrie my bodie stiffe and upright, which not, an impedem enough, when perchaunce the heat of the Ladies affection, makes her take a place of standing, either against the hangings, or one of the bay windowes, and there with a greedie eye forces on my exterior, whilst perchaunce, I draw to her, kisse my hand, and accost her thus.

Enter Knight.

Nan. I pra' your self but anon sir, and less stand close and trouble not true iaculosie in the picture of *Hippocampus*, in a little voluunt.

Peg. See, see how a looks, doe you perceiue his heart beate his heart?

Nan. I, for all the world like the Denmarke Drummer.
Peg. For a drum what a siles

Knt. Forgiuenesse wife! O how haue I wrong'd thee, O who would thinke your sex, which truly knowes yee! O women, were we not borne of ye! should we not then honour you? nurs'd by ye, and not regard ye? gotten on ye, and not trust ye? made for ye, and not seek ye? and since we were made before ye, should we not love and admire ye as the last? and therefore perfect it worke of nature. Man was made where nature's vnto but an appoyntee: but woman when shee was a skillfull Mistresse of her Asse, therefore vnto nature both not admire those Paragons, those Modesties of nature, Angels on earth, Goddesses in shape: by which it was made in doctrine becom, even in our Obedience, which we all Vices: our qualities, and virtues feminine? are not the house of the least?

Cupids Whirligig.

ned & doe not all noble spirits followe the Graces, because they are women, there's but one Phoenix and shee's a female: is not the Princesse & foundresse of good arts Minerva, borne of the braine of highest Iove, a woman? have not these women, the face of Iove, the tongue of perswasion, the body of delight? O diuine perfection'd women, whose praises no tongue can full expresse, for that the matter doth exceede the labour. O if to be a Woman bee so excellent, what is it then to be a woman enrich'd by nature, made excellent by education, noble by birth, chaste by vertue, adorn'd by beaurie: A faire woman which is the ornament of heauen, the grace of earth, the joy of life, and the delight of all sense, euen the vertue ~~summe~~ *summe* of mans life.

Nuc. O monstrous heretic, hee will bee damb'd for that error.

Wag. Nay, let him alone, for hee had like to bene burnt for that opinion ere now, had not a friend of mine plucked the fire from the stake.

Nuc. Come, lets breake out vpon him.

Nuc. O no good sir, though it be a thing much giuen to your name, yet let not vs breake out, let vs not shewe such childish parties.

Peg. Saue ye Knight.

Kai. And blesse ye Lady, O sirra, are you there? come ye hither, what's that strange Lady there?

Wag. I thinke it be misters Baber sir, Master Nocomes Mistresse, for shee lookes like an Northerne Lassie, made of a strange fashion, something like a Lute, all bellie to the necke.

Kai. So, like a Lute, and you like a skilfull musician haue bin fingring it.

Nuc. How does your good Ladie Knight, how doth she?

Kai. Well I praise *Hymen*, and I adore my stars, she hath no acquaintance with such a female filie as you are.

Nuc. What meanes he by that?

Peg. Why I thinke a meanes you are but a light huswife, but come lets haue him.

Nuc. Light Huswife, hang him Jugged Clinke.

Cupids Whirligig.

Nuc. Farwell Knight, *Exeunt. Nuc. Nuc. & Peg.*

Nuc. Forgiueneſſe wiſes

Kni. Now the plague of Egypt light vpon you all, Lice deuour ye: come ye hether ſirra, what's the cauſe you keepe ſuch villanous company?

Wag. I keepe their company moſt ſir for good vittailles, for you keepe ſuch a villanous houſe, as if we were alwaies Eaſter eue, wee ſtill hope for better: and you know your Cooke is gone already ſir, for feare a ſhould forget his occupation with you. Beſides ſir, if any man come to your houſe to dinner though hee hop vpon one legge, yet euery man ſaith a comes to ſaſt, and for mine owne part ſir, you haue giuen me nothing ſince I came vnto you.

Kni. O thou pampered lade! what wouldſt thou haue? what wouldſt thou feede on Quailles? art thou not Fat? is not thy necke brawne, thy leg caſt by thy head beſide, and yet thou wantſt meate?

Wag. No ſir, but I would willingly haue ſome wages.

Kni. Well, ile thinke on't, and ſo goe call your miſtreſſe.

Wag. Looke you ſir, heere ſhee comes without calling.

Kni. Saue your honeſty then and be gone without bidding.

Wag. I vaniſh ſir.

Exit Wages

Kni. Do ſo: O my ſweet wife, my ſelectd ſpouſe, the very veſſel of chaſtity, filld to the very brim with Hyman zeale and nuptiall duerie: how haue I abuſ'd thee? but I haue waſht repentancie euen in teares, and in thy abſence I haue dedicated ſacred ſighes vnto thee to appeaſe thy wrath: therefore tell me ſweet wife, when comes this pander, when comes he?

Lad. I muſe he ſtaies ſo long, he ſhould a beene by promiſe here an houre ſince, and looke heere he comes?

Enter Lord diſguiſed.

Kni. O you are welcome Sir, welcome yfaith, but when comes your Lord? is he at hand, will a come?

Lor. My Lord ſir, what Lord?

Kni. Nay, come, come, make not the matter ſtrange man, my wife hath told me all, you are an honeſt man, holde, holde,

Cupids Whirligig.

holde, will ye but hefrind mee now, and watch another doore vnto my house, and giue me notice when a comes, while I watch this.

Lor. O now I see the tricke on't, his wife hath gulld him with a lie and made him belecue I am but a poore seruing man onely to inioy my loue: O kinde woman! O sweet Lady / may now I see she lours me.

Kni. O excellent wife, how true she tolde me, what a heart haue I bin still to wrong her with suspect.

Lor. Faith sir I see ye are a verie worthy Gentleman, and for mine owne part I shall be glad to doe you any pleasure, for to tell you true, I thinke my Lord meanes to Cuckolde you indeede.

Kni. Why thats well said, holde hear's one Angell more, and goe but with my wife, sheele show you the other doore while I watch this: and if a come, knocke him down, kill him, and lay the fault on mee, ile please you for your paines, looke, here's a club will holde.

La. Giue me, giue me, come:

Kni. Goe wife, goe with him, see a stand stily too, and if occasion serue.

Lad. I warrant yee husband, feare it not, but ile doe my part.

Exeunt Wife and Lord.

Kni. Why thats well said, and if a come to this doore, ile teach him come to tie his mare in my ground, but what a flauie haue I bin still thus to suspect my wife, I could neuer feele any hornes I had, and yet I know my scull is so thin that if my wife should a Cuckold me with the least thing in the world, yet my hornes would a growne through, now am I for my Lord.

Enter Lord and Lady at another doore.

Lor. Now faire mistresse, this far through the mouth of danger am I come and made my passage euen through her life-deuouring lawes to seale mine eyes vpon this beantie, which makes me thinke all dangers but a sport, so you reuenie and wrap me in your loues imbracements, and take holde of this faire occasion, for well you know your Hus-

bands

Cupids Whirligig.

bands leaſonſie will turne this proffered time like fortunes wheele, and drowne our faireſt hopes euen in diſpaire, if you be tedious in our loues effectes, and therefore ſince your witte hath ſafely plotted my arriuall heere, proceed euen to the vtmoſt liſtes of my deſire, and make me happie in the fruition of your long deſired loue.

Lad. O my Lord, ſhall a ſmile, a good word, a little kind behauiour, or the ſide of doere ſeruant, make your hopes to ſwel into ſo great a ſea of luſt, as preſently to ouer-flow and drowne the honour of your Miſtris? O my Lord no, your iudgement much deceiues you of my diſpoſition: beſides, I ſent not for yee, it was your leud vnbridled will, that made you thus come gallop hether: yet by my meanes I muſt confeſſe as yet you are vnknowne, and in ſome ſort I glad your being heere, onely to make you know, that neither faireſt occasions nor greateſt perſuaſions ſhall euer make mee violate my faith to him I owe my loue; No my Lord I know I durſt to truſt my ſelfe againſt the moſt of opportunitie and ſtrength of all temptation, and though my husband watch you at the doore, yet know within, my conſcience watcheth mee, though he be blinded with a trick, yet he cleare all-light-giners eyes doe ſee: therefore goad my Lord be gone, you ſee my husband is wiſtfull bent, and if he chance to know you, I much doubt your ſafetie.

Lor. But is this my paines requirall and my loues reward?

Lad. Alasſe my Lord, what would you haue? my loue is not mine owne.

Lor. Well, ſarwel Lady, you may repent this yet ere long: yet peace ſond breath, leſt threatens my plots beguile: vengeance intended pollicie, muſt ſmile: *Exeunt Lord and Lady*

Enter Lord.

Kin. Are ye going ſir, are ye going, what will not your Lord come?

Lor. I thinke not ſir, his houre is paſt long ſince, ſome other buſineſſe hinders him.

Kin. Gods my paſſion, what doe I ſee, this is hee, I ſee his chaine: aſy but looks you ſir, when will you come againe? by

Cupid's Whirligig.

by this light I see his lightering.

Lev. Assure your selfe sir, Ile bring your notice before my Lord come.

Kni. Nay, but will you sure? shall I trust to you? for looke ye sir, and if you should not come, pray stay a little, me thinks your band is torne.

Lev. It's no matter, no matter.

Kni. No, tis not now I see't, by this hand tis he, tis he, what should I doe, now if I should strike him, hee would be to hard for me, for he is better arm'd then I.

Lev. Well sir, Ile take my leave of you till your occasion shall neede my presence.

Kni. Fare ye well sir, I hope that shall be neuer; but haue not I spun a faire thred thinke you, to be a very Baude, and arrant wittall, to giue them oportunitie, put them together, Nay holde the dove the whilst, this is my wiues plot, by which I haue faild to Cuckolds haue, yet my faile was but a smocke, which shee her selfe hoist vp, alas, alas, Gentlemen, doe you not know the Philosopher saith this world is but a stage: *hodie mihi, cras tibi*: tis my part to day, it may be some of yours to morrowe/why tis but matrimoniall chance, we that are Cuckolds should be brauest men, for no men else doe know their endes, but wee knowe ours, for we are forked at both. O thou powerfull and celestiall loue / strike downe from heauen some congealed boltes of thunder, that it may pierce the wombe of earth, and through it send thy lightning flames to make hell hotter then it is, or with Egyptian dampes and rotten iawes re-riouate thy eating plague of life, dissolve nature, consume earth, destroy hell, and darme woman I beseech thee into a deeper dungeon then the Deuill. They fill men with diseases, and giue the want-eyde Sunne of Heauen cause to smile to see our paines: shall the gaping of graues, the scritchng of Ghostes, and cries of damned soules, yet longer bee defer'd? shall time incorporate with sinne, and beget more mischief? shall hell bee better furnished with women then with Deuils? infernall Lucifer will muster vp his female soules against thy dietie, vn-

Cupid's Whirligig.

lesse thou doe abridge the course of sinne by cutting off the
increase of women, and then we shall have no more cuck-
olds. Come ye hether wife, come ye hether, pray tell mee
one thing true.

Enter Lady.

Lady. True: why husband, ile lye for no mans plea-
sure.

Kni. Yes, for his pleasure that is gone.

La. For his pleasure, why for his pleasure?

Kni. Because you are a Puncke wife, a puncke.

La. Now loue blesse me.

Kni. You are a Cockatrice wife, a cockatrice:

La. Now heauens defend me.

Kni. You are a whore wife, a whore.

La. Sir, the man is mad.

Kni. I horne mad, ah thou vile perfidious, detestable, las-
civious, vsatiable, Luxurious and abhominable strumpet,
was it not enough to be an Actzon, a cornuto, a cuckold,
but to make me a Baude, a Pimpe, and a Pander?

Lad. What Pimpe? what Pander?

Kni. What Pimpe? what Pander? why was not this the
Lord Nonfuch? did I not see his chaine, nay prethee say
twas not he, nay sweare it too: ouer shooes ouer boots, since
ye haue waded to the bellie in sinne, nay now goe deeper
euen to the breast and heart.

La. Pray heare me husband.

Kni. What vile excuses canst make, how canst thou hide
thy lust? wouldst wrap thy sinne in periurie, to muffle vp
thy villany?

La. Nay good Husband for pittie sake heate me.

Kni. Talke not of pittie, pittie is deaf and cannot heare
the poore maneretic, much lesse a strumpet.

La. For charitie heare me.

Kni. Charitie is frozen and benumb'd with golde, it can-
not helpe thee, doost kneele doost kneele to the heauen's
not to me, yet they looke thy heart should stoope, and not

the

Cupid's Whirligig.

the knee, Do not weep, do not rise, rise thou slumpet, go out of my sight, in, in.

La. I goe, Yet this my comfort, in the gall of life,
Suspition neuer wrong'd a truer wife. *Exit, Lady.*

and *Ende Wapoi.*

Kni, Hoe Wages!

Wag. Heere sic, nipped a 2' 10" long young water

Km. Come hether *Wages*, my olde resolution is come
on me againe, and it shall make me doe much, for I will
geld my selfe. *ad. haud. ad. uera. ad. ista. u. h. b.*

Wag. Alas! for that's the only way to make you do it.
etc.

Kni. Therefore goe fetch me the Operator.

Wag. What's he first to do? Shouldn't he do that?

K₂. The Stone-Cutter.

142. O you mean the Sow-gelder.

Rev. O. If he's an excellent fellow, he takes away the cause of a man's beastly defects.

Wag. I, and of their manly performance too.

Xvii. He makes a man not care a rush for a woman.

Mag. No, nor a Woman case's draw for a man.

² *Kw.* Doth not such a fellow deserve commendations?

Way. Yes as a hangman doth, for cutting off the traitors that makes the flesh rebell.

Km. Wages I doe now more doubt my wiues honestie then ever, therefore ile make him the touchstone of her reputation.

Wag. Faith fir ye might get easier touchstones then bee
a great deale, theres many a Goldsmithes wife in Cheape-
side could helpe you to a better.

Kni. He deserve's much praise: to start a new way

Wag. I, as your cockatrice doth for the dismembring
of men.

Xiii. If she be a punkit ile not be dinorc'd,

Wag. Why should ye / why ye cannot keepe more Gentleman like companie : besides, your puncke is like your politician, for they both confume themselves, for the common

Cupid's Whirlingig.

mon people. And your punke of the two, is the better member, for she like a candell to light others, burnes his selfe.

Kni: Well wages, come follow me, for I am resolu'd to trie my wifes honestie. *Exeunt Omnes. Faint All second.*

Adm Ter scena prima

Enter young Nonsuchlike a begging Soldier.

Young Lord. Venus lay, where Mars had found her,

And in warlike armes be bound her,

Cupid aride, and Vulcan's spide:

And thereon threw the Cyclops,

But his turne, begatte his sorrow;

With all the little Gods mockes.

Now some honest Gentleman passe by that I might sell him the maiden-head of my occupation for a halfe penny, masse, heere a comes, a shall ha't, ye saith.

Enter Nonsuch.

Worshipfull Gentleman, looke with your eye, and pittie with your heart the distresse of a martiall man, I have bene a man in my daies, and acquainted with better fortunes then I now fortime hath bene. I have borne armes, but now one's gone, and I can no longer write Gentleman: wherefore if you please to bestow but one poore thistle of your bountie to prick the blister of my pouertie, it would set my slender fortune a flote, where they now lie beating on the goodwins of famine, I am not of these Ludgations that beg for fourescore and ten poore men: my suite is onely for my selfe.

Nac. Whom hast thou served friend?

Lor. First I seru'd in Ireland, then in Holland, Brabant, Zealand, Gelderland, Friesland, and most of the seauenteene Prouinces, I was at the siege of Bargon vpson, carried a pike at the capture of Sluce, and hum in the graine cutting the bruchi.

Nac. Who was thy Captain?

Lor. I

Cupids Whirligig.

Lor. I serued vnder the command of Captaine pipe.

Nuc. Who, captaine Gregorie Pipe?

Lor. No sir, Captaine Tobacco Pipe.

Nuc. O, I know him well indeede, hee is on the English nation, hath much imploiments.

Lor. I can assure your worship sir, I haue seene him in very hot seruice, and when some of vs his followers haue smok'd for't too: wherefore I beseech you sir, bestowe something on me, for the knowledge you had of my good Captaine.

Nuc. Go to sirra, I feare ye are a counterfeit Rogue.

Lor. How Rogue sir though none of fortunes fauourites, nor great mens minions, yet perchance as good a man as your selfe: swoundes Rogue!

Nuc. May be not angrie good friend, for ysaith I loue a Souldier with all my heart, for indeede I haue a Coulsen is one, would giue thee something, but ysaith I haue no siluer, yet I giue thee eightene pence in conceit, and so farwell.

Exeunt Nucome.

Lor. Well sir, in conceite I thanke ye then.

Enter Knight and Wages.

Ye Wages, come ye after like a Clog to the heeles of the olde Ape your Master?

Kni. Wages, how many pounds goe to a stone of beefe?

Wag. Eight sir.

Kni. Then I am lighter by sixteene pound now then I was, I may now lie with any Lady in Europe for any hurt I can doe her.

Wag. True sir, or good either.

Kni. I can cuckold no man.

Wag. Yer any man may cuckold you.

Kni. What's he Wages?

Wag. Some poore Souldier sir, lately come out of the low countries.

Lor. I must not now beg lame, for feare I loose his seruice, by it: I beseech yee good blacke Captaine bestowe something of a poore Souldier, that hath serued his Prince both by Sea and land: if you bestows but one

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poore penny of your liberalitie, when the wheele of fate turnes, if the bitter frostes of pouertie doe not in the meane time nip my fortunes in the blossoms, I doubt not but to reciprocate your curtesie.

Wag. Hyda, what an excellent fellow this would make to dwell in the exchange, how the Rogue prates?

Kni. What art a Soldier?

Lor. I haue bin one some few yeeres.

Kni. Why then thou art a Gentleman by profession, and tis a shame for a Gentleman to beg.

Lor. So I thinke, for I haue Gentleman like qualities enough: for I had rather drinke drunke to purge, then take Phylicke: but will you giue me any thing sir?

Wag. No sir my master doth not vse to giue Gentlemen money, for feare of disgracing them.

Lor. O, I cry you mercie good Master Mustard-Pot.

Wag. Mustard pot! Gods light, mustard Pot! and why Mustard pot?

Lor. Because thou art a sawce-box.

Wag. Sawce-box?

Kni. Goe to, be quiet Wages.

Lor. But will ye giue me any thing sir?

Kni. No not a penny.

Lor. Come then sir, will ye walke a turne or too?

Kni. Walke with thee, why, art not lousie?

Lor. I neede not, I haue change enough, for I haue two paire of shooes.

Kni. Wer'y neuer in better fashion?

Lor. Yes, I haue borne the badge of honour in my daies.

Wag. I a hath bin some Noblemans Footeman sure.

Kni. Was thy Father an Alcumist that thou art so poore?

Lor. Why doe you not know pouertie hath a Gentleman Vipers place, it goes bare before death.

Kni. Thy name.

Lor. Slacks.

Kni. Of what Religion art?

Slack. Faith I am yet cleane paper, yee may write on mee what ye will, either Puritant or Protestant.

Kni.

Cupids Whirligig.

Kni. Wilt thou serue me ?

Slac. So you will giue me wages.

Kni. Yes that I will, and thou shalt weare my liuery too,
ile giue it thee, thou shalt not buy't thy selfe.

Slac. I thanke ye sir,

Enter a Bowde.

Wag. O Mistris Correction ! doe you ?

Mist. Cor. I thanke ye good Master Wages, and how doth
that goodly Gelding your Master ?

Wag. Why Gelding ?

Mist. Cor. Because he hath both abus'd and accus'd one
of the most vertuous Ladies that euer frised her haire.

Wag. Peace, speake soft, that's he:

Mist. Cor. Is that he ?

Wag. The very same.

Mist. Cor. Now by my troth I am glad to see your worship
in good health, and how doth your good Worship : Lord
you looke ill, a bodie may see what griefe will doe : O had
you had a good wife, your worship would looke twentie
yeres younger then you doe, tis euen pittie of her life that
would wrong such a sweeteman : what an excellent com-
plexion your beard's of, and by my troth a keepe his
coulour very well.

Slack pinches behinde.

What now you sawlie Companion you, what ayle you
trowe ?

Slac. You had an ill Midwife Mistresse, she hath not clos'd
your mould behinde.

Mist. Cor. Marry come vp lacke an Apes father in law,
what can you tell ?

Slac. I felt it by giuing my hand to bid it farwell.

Mist. Cor. O sir, that's signe ye are a clowne, if ye had bin
a Gentlemen ye would a kist it, and a taken your leaue on't.
I pray master Wages what's this fellow ?

Wag. A new man of my masters, and I can assure you a
tall Souldier too.

Mist. Cor. A tall Souldier say you ? so mee thinkes, his
cloathes haue begne in shrode seruices, for they are very

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dangerously wounded. Sir, and like your worship, this that you haue entertain'd is no man, tis some Scar-crowe, and you haue done very ill to take him away: the Crowes will eatevp the Corne now out of all measure, pray God wee haue not a deare yeere after it.

Sla. I know your husband well Mististris Correction, and Mistris Punckit too, I heare she keepes her bed much, what is she not in health?

Kni. Haue you such a Gentlewoman lies at your house?

Mi. Cor. Yes indeede sir, a younger Brothers Daughter, a knif-woman of my Husbands.

Kni. It seemes he hath bene acquainted with her,

Mi. Cor. Who hee? no sir, she scornes to speake with him, vnlesse tware by an Attorney.

Wag. Pra'y how doth your Husband good Mistris Correction.

Mist. Cor. The better for your asking good Master Wages.

Wag. Indeede her Husband is a very honest painfull man sir.

Mi. Cor. O master Wages, no, no, master Wages, you are decei'd in him, there's neuer a norning, but I am ready and abroad, an houre before hee's vp: and when he is vp, as I am a liuing woman, I can make him doe nothing for my life.

Kni. No, doth he not studdie?

Mi. Cor. Yes, like the Clarke of a great mans kitchin, what meate he shall haue for dinner.

Wag. Beleeue it, but he is a good Scholler though, O hee hath a passing head of his owne.

M. C. Hath he, I he hath indeed, if ye knew al, & I can tell ye he may thank me for't too, for he went to schoole to me in my first husbands time. *Kni.* Pra'y what was your first husband

Mist. Cor. M. Seldome the preacher an't like your worship, he preach't in two of his benefices in one day, and sure t'was the death of him, he neuer ioyed himselfe after hee so overstrained his voice. *Kni.* And then you married this man?

Mi. Cor. Yes forsooth, & truly afterwards bought him a benefice, but hee hath sold it again, & I may tell you though I

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am no Lady, yet he's cald sir Iohn euery word, & for all this now he makes no more account of me then your man Ma. Wages doth of an old shoe-clout which a neuer thinks of, but when a needs, and if he cannot finde it, why any other thing serues his turne, and so he deales by me, and truly Master Wages I may tell you, I meane to put him away.

Wag. Away ! why ye cannot put him away for this.

M.C. Yes I warrant ye, if you can finde in your heart to loue and marry me, let me alone for that: ile keepe ye like a man all daies of your life, besides, if the stones of the street in the citie should be too hot for ye, and that ye dare not walke on them for feare the wicked vanities of the world should catch hold of ye, as they haue done to the vtter ouerthrow & vndoing of many a good man, yet I can get my liuing in the Suburbs, and what trade so euer go down, I doubt not but mine will hold vp as long as the kingdome yeeldes either fouldiers or younger brothers, which wants maintenance to keepe wiues of their owne. No M. Wages, my trade is a sweet trade, little doth any body know what commings in I haue daily, I keep 3. as good fether beds going winter and summer, as any sinner in the suburbs: besides, I warrant ye, I get aboute 20. pound a yeare in Rennish wine at the second hand.

(forward

Wag. Well, aske my Master, if he be willing, ye shall finde me

Mi. Cor. And thats as much as any woman can aske truly: and please your worship I haue a suite to you:

Kni. What ist Mistress Cor. for you are very like to speede ?

M.C. That I may haue your good wil to marry M. Wages

Kni. Why you haue a husband alieue ?

Mist. Cor. I, but I can be deuorc'd from him, and like your worship for three seuerall causes which I know well enough, I warrant ye. *Kni.* If he be willing, with all my hart.

Mi. Cor. I thanke your worship.

Sal. Hille fellow Wages, pray a word we'y, doost meane to haue her?

Wag. I.

(of her:

Sal. Well, goe thy waies, I warrant thee a sound peece

Wag. A peece, why a peece? didst thou euer shoot in her ?

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Sal. Who I, no: she recoiles too much in the discharging for me to meddle with, but doost heare, put her away againe as soone as thou can'st: if thou keepe her long if she proue not like a commoditie of wood, and flinke in thy hands, then hang me.

Kni Well Mistris Correction, I could wish you goe about this your affaires as soone as you may, and Slack, and Wages doe you two follow me.

Exeunt 3. at one doore, and the Band at the other.

Enter Peg and Nan.

Nan. Now by my chaste thoughts which I was mother of at nine yeeres olde, I heere sweare, neuer to be in loue: yet Master Nuecomé the Courtier thinkes with the wearing of a neate boote, and a cleane band, to catch my loue napping as Mosse catcht his Mare, but Venus bee my good speede, and Cupid send me good lucke, for my heart is very light, and I feare tis but like a Candle, burnt into the Socket, which lightens a little before it goes out.

Peg. I most feare tis like lightning before thunder, I pray haue a care ye hold fast.

Nan. Come, thou hast such a running wit, tis like an Y-rish foote boy, I feare twill rob thee of all thy friends, and then runne from thee and leaue thee.

But I pray thee tell me one thing.

Peg. I will an't be a good thing!

Nan. Hast thou thy Maiden-head yet?

Peg. My Maiden-head! faith I.

Nan. Come, prethee doe not lye, for they say tis lost lying and by the strength of my little vertue, I wonder (for mine owne part) to see how this foolish virginity is esteem'd when there is such danger in keeping it, for who doth not know that the barren wombe is curst? and all know virgins haue no children: besides, Women shall be saued by the bearing of Children, how think'st thou, are they?

Peg. Nay, I cannot tell, you were best trie.

Nan. Indeece they say tis good to trie before one trust.

Peg. But I pray thee tell me one thing now,

Nan.

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Nan. And what's that?

Peg. The reason why thou art come runne away from thy Father, considering the forman of your Shop, mee thought was a good handsome fellow.

Nan. Tis true, so he was, but he had no leysure to keepe me company a workie daies for crying what do you lacke, and a Holy daies hee would be at stoole-ball among'st the boyes when I had most neede of him: but to tell thee the true cause of my comming away: I should haue married a young vnthrifrie Lord, one that will giue his very soule to a faire woman, and faith sometimes though shee be neuer so foule, yet he will lend her his body: hee had neuer a hayre on his beard this three or foure yeare, but might a bin an vtter barrester, for they haue moulted all sue or fixe times: he's like death, he spares none, young nor olde, rich nor poore faire nor foule, he takes all.

Peg. Well Nan well, thou art happy, thou wer't borne vnder a good Planet, thou hast store of suiters, but prethee looke, is there none heere's our counsaile?

Nan. No none, speake boldly lasse.

Peg. I thinke an ill starre raigned when I was borne, I cannot haue as much as a suiter, this Master Nuecome that you forsooth so much scorne: I could finde in my heart to pray nine times to the Moone, and fast three Saint Annes eues, so that I might be sure to haue him to my husband.

Nan. I, thou wouldst haue him dreaming but not waking I am sure.

Peg. Not waking! yea and a bed too, for heere I vow euen by the chasteft thoughts that ere was nuse'd within Dianes brest, and by those purple drops chaste Lucre's spilt, and by the vntainde coulours of a maidens blush, that I will proue as true vnto his bed, as ere did she that did Vliues wed.

Nan. Nay, since I haue refus'd a Lord, by this light I scorne to marry any vnder the degree of a Knight.

Peg. No, I would not haue a Knight if I might, for there are so many, as they are forgotten what they be:

Nan. Nay! then I see you are deceiu'd, why woman, they haue most of them taken an order that they will neuer be

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be forgotten, for they haue book'd themselues downe a purpose, I know aboue three and twentie in one Mercers bookes in Cheape side: then iudge thou how many are in all their bookes, and there is that will bee a witnesse I warrant you to after ages, what their forefathers haue beene.

Peg. I, but that's but their faults, yet you know their calling is honourable though.

Nan. Faith thou saist true, I must needes say, Knight-hood is like marriage now a daies, which though't be honorable amongst all men, yet is beggarlie with a great many: but come shal's goe to dinner and see what stomacke I haue to my vittailles, for ysaith I haue none to a husband: I would not tast a morsell of a man for any money.

Peg. O that's because thou art not hungry.

Nan. Tis true indeed, a litle bit would fill my bellie.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Lady and Slacks after her.

La. O my vnkinde husband, why doost thou reiect? if not on thee, where should I fix my loue to haue reward?

Enter Wages.

Sl. Heere where you are, in deere and hie regard.

Lad. Alas thou art a man of meane condition.

Sl. Your loue to me, will breede, the lesse suspicion.

Fortune denie's mee wealth all ill vpon her,

Yet I haue courage to defend your honour,

Madam, you reason haue to be vnjust:

A wicked husband makes an vnkinde wife,

Men brag, that women weaker creatures be,

Yet you must suffer all grosse Iniurie,

With silence too, and lowlinesse of spirit,

And then forsooth a good wines bame your merrit:

A goodly purchase sure to be a slaue,

Vnto a slaue, till you go to the graue.

Eue had a soule as well as Adam,

All soules are masculine, hold freedom Madam,

If strength of bodie make the noblest creature,

Why should not Lyons be the Kings of nature?

The

Cupids Whirligig.

The strongest Creatures govern'd are by sense,
And there thy soule hath little residence.
Philosophers say, the Element of fire
Is active, purest, aptest to aspire:
Of which you women haue the lesser portion,
Which makes our braines beget cold Notion.
I graunt that Adam was created so:
But since his fall, all things doe backward goe.
Now active heart, gets murder, theft and rapin:
Tis thy Charret which all vice doth ride in.
Against whose illes women could temper spurnes,
Giue me the heart which warms, not that which burnes:
O hatefull is the state you now doe hold,
Worse then the Slaue that is for money sold:
For you must money giue to buy your euils,
And bind your selues to some incarnate diuels;
Be but chiefe steward in this drudgery,
Bring forth their Brats with your liues iopardie.
Scarce dare you giue an old sleeue from your armie,
But they crie out, you'r vnder Couert-barne.

Lad. Presumptuous Slaue, whose flesh vpon thy bone,
Thy master iust may challenge as his owne:
Which by the dead scrapt from his trencher got,
Is quickned now, to cut the giuers throat:
Thou venom'd Snake, frozen with beggerie,
Now being thaw'd by thy masters bountie.
Wouldst sting the bosome that did reuiue thee,
And like a viper gnaw, who first concei'd thee:
Full argument of a seruile spirit,
For noble hearts will gratifie each merit.

Exe. Lady.

Slac. Yea, are ye vanished?

Wag. Why how now fellow Slacke, what is she gone?

Slac. S'life what should I do now to stop this slaues venom'd breath, for feare it infect my reputation with my new master / his time was ill taken, yet something I must doe, fellow wages, how long hast thou been heere?

Wag. Euer since fortune denide thee wealth: all ill vpon her: but thou hast courage to defend her honour:

Cupids Whirligig.

Sla. Slight hee hath heard all.
Why man, 'twas my maller set me onely to try her.

Wag. Nay, like enough, for I see hee would willingly
proue an accessarie to the stealing of his owne goods.

Enter Knight.

Sla. True, and looke heere hee comes, but I pray thee
say nothing, let me tell him of it.

Wag. Who I? not a word, my mouth is as close as a fault-
coners pouch, or a Country-wenchs placket. (reason for't

Kni. She would neuer cuckold me, but that she has some

Sla. True sir, there is nothing done, but there's reason for
it, (if a man could finde it) for what's the reason your Ci-
zens wiues continually weare Hats, but to shew the desire
they haue alwayes to be couered? Or why do your Seam-
sters spend their time in pricking, and your Ladies in po-
king of Ruffes, but onely to shew they do as they would be
done vnto? Or why doe your Innes-of Court-man lye with
his Laundresse in a long Vacation, but because he hath no
money to goe abroad? Or why doe your old Iudges wid-
dowes alwayes marry young Gentlemen, but to shew that
they loue execution better then iudgement?

Kni. O, but I wonder much shee would not giue mee
leau to make my first child my selfe.

Sla. Foe; she knew you were but a Prentice to the Oc-
cupation, & commonly Prentices spoyle their first worke,
and being vnskilfull, shee was loath you should practise in
a good Shoppe, and therefore shee befriended you, because
shee would haue it well done: shee gat a better workeman
to doe it for you, For what's the reason the younger Bro-
thers (according to the Old-wiues tales) alwayes prooued
the wisemen, but because the Fathers grew more skilfull
at the last, then they were at the first? but I thinke your
wiues eldest sonne will prooue an excellent fellow, because
she had the helpe of so many in the making of it. For com-
monly, if one haue a thing to be done, as a Conueyance to
be drawne, or a Case in Law to be argued, a man would
haue the helpe of as many good Lawyers as hee could get:
now

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now this case of making Children, and a case in the Law, is something like; for as one Lawyer takes his fee, and deales in't, another Lawyer comes, and argues the case more profoundly: but in the ende (when all is done) leaues it to be tryed by the Iurie, in whome the right is, and so must you: when they and you, and all haue done your best, yet in the ende, must leaue it to bee tryed by your Wife, whose the Child is; for a Womans knowledge in this case, is better then twelue mens.

Kni. Oh Slacke, I hate her worse then the worst sinne that is.

Wag. And I pray what sinne doe you most hate?

Kni. That which is most like her, which if thou wilt repeat.

Slack. He tell their conditions.

Kni. And I, which is most like her;

Wag. Then the first is Pride.

Slack. I would haue that sinne burnt for a Witch, it changes men into so many shapes.

Wag. The next is Murther:

Slack. Oh! that's a thirstie sinne, for nought can quench it, but blood.

Wag. What is Theft?

Slack. Faith the greatest fault that I can finde in that, is; it couzens the Scriueners, for it borrowes money without giuing any obligation.

Wag. Couetousnesse.

Slack. O! that's an excellent sinne, for to deale with, a that hath a loose Bellie, for t'wil binde any man for tenne groats.

Wag. What is sloath then?

Slack. Faith, Sloth is a good Maydenly Greene-sicknes sinne.

Wag. But Leachery my Ladie?

Slack. O that's the suckingst sinne that a man can bee acquainted withall, it cannot endure to bee in companie, it creepes into corners, and hides it selfe in the darke still;

Wag. What saist then to drunkennesse?

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Slac. O that's a most gentlemanlike sinne, it scornes to be beholding for what it receiues in a mans house, it commonly leaues it againe at his doore.

Wag. Nay, then Lecherie scornes to bee beholding too, for I haue knowne what it hath receiue'd in a mans house, it hath sent home againe nine moneths after, and laine at his doore, and therefore the more Gentlemanlike sinne a great deale, because it takes the longer time of re-paiement, but I pray sir now, which of all this is most like your wife.

Kni. Murther, for nought can quench her thirst of lust, but now I soone shall finde his villanie, praifd bee my vigilant care: which if I doe espie, ile turne her off.

Wag. Alas, alas sire, you haue no reason to be angrie, much lesse to her diuorced, although she doth transgresse, are you not cut? haue yee not giuen her cause, is it not of mere necessitie she doth it? Therefore if you follow my counsell, make her amends with kindnesse, and put not her away.

Kni. Belceue me he speaks wisely, and good counsell, like a Ladie, is to be imbraced.

Slac. Not put her away, and if she wrong him? If he do not, I say he is one of the arrant blocks that euer man spurned on: why is hee not a Gentleman, a Knight, hath a not seene fasliion? Sir I would haue you beare a noble minde put her away and you list, tis no matter for cause, if shee change but a trencher with the Groome of your Stable, tis dealing enough to bee diuorced. Therefore put her away, and then you may haue another wife.

Kni. Another wife?

Sibc. True a gallant, and yet a modest Ladie too, one that shall nourish no blood but your own, tender your reputation as the apple of her eye, and honor euen your verie foot-steps.

Kni. Shee shall goe, ile make her trusse vp her Trinckets, faith she shall away.

Wag. Shall she away? if she doe, you doe you know not what, you draw a thousand thousand enemies about your

ears,

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cares, her kindred theill exclaime, her friends will seeke reuenge, and your enemies will grow euen fat with laughter at your folly. Besides, what woman then will haue you, are you not gelded? assure your selfe that now there is none will loue you, most will hate you, but all will scorne you, therefore by my aduice, make much of her, and keepe her while you haue her.

Kni. Hah! now by the vertue of my hearing, he speakes but reason.

Slac. So, 'tis good to keepe her still: dwell in the Subburbs, to breake downe your owne glasse-windowes, set some pickes vpon your hatch, and I pray professe to keepe a Bawdy-house.

Kni. A Bawdy-house? No, ile dye first, and if I see but anie apparant shew of her disloyaltie, ile euen be diuorced immediately.

Exit Knight and Slacke.

Wag. Well, I see the substance of this Slaue is villanie.

But Ile preuent him euen what I can,
Since none is worse then a Seruing honest man. *Exit.*

Sound Musicks.

Albus Quarti, Scen. prima.

Enter Knight and Slacke.

Kni. Why, had I not a good legge? did I not alwaies weare cleane Lining? Was not my hand washed, my beard comb'd, my Cloake brushed, and my shoes blacked, euery morning?

Slac. True, why the more viler strumpet shee, to Cuckold you.

Kni. But how dost know she is with childe?

Slac. Know it, why shee's daily troubled with water-pangs, and quakings ouer the stomacke.

Kni. Indeed I must needs say, thats a great prooffe, shee hath filld her bellie with something that stood against her stomacke: But dost thou not thinke tis my child?

Slac. Yours! Why, how can't bee yours: are you not

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circumciled to the quicks.

Kni. Yes, and the remembrance of it galls me.

Slac. Thats a signe yee are too patient, and like an Ass endure all without resistance.

Kni. Ha, ha, ha.

Slac. But why doe you laugh sir?

Kni. To thinke who the childe will be like:

Slac. Why you, who should it be like else?

Kni. Why, tis none of mine man.

Slacke. Why the more like you for that: why doe your not know the Phylosophers hold the Childe is alwayes like the partie which the Mother thinkes of in the Conception: Now shee thought most of you, for feare you should ha come the whites, and that's the reason so many Gentlemenssonnes are like your Citizens, and calles them fathers too; For otherwise, how could it bee that a young Cockney being left fortie or fiftie thousand pounds, spends all within so many moneths, but that some young Gallant begot him: for you know the Proverb, Cat will alter kinde. No, had the olde Citizen begotten him, hee would ha bit a Figge in two, to haue made euen weight, and haue had a pot with a false bottome, rather then ha sold too much measure, he would haue done all things within measure, as your old Citizen did, and not a spend all beyond measure, as young Gallants doe.

Kni. But were not I best goe home and vie her well, till the Childe be borne, to see if it be like mee, that I may be sure tis none of mine?

Slac. O no, that were base, and as deceitfull as the Collicke, when it breakes out in winde, which leuells at a mans heele, and it strikes him in the Nose, therefore neuer make a show of one thing, and doe another, but put her away, rid your hands of her, and theres an ende.

Kni. I thinke who's the father of the Bastard?

Slac. Why, who's the Father of a Punckes Childe? ist not *Filius Populi*; it may haue two Fathers for any thing we know.

Kni. Well Slacke, I doe very much mistrust Wages, too, for

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for hee is growne very familiar of late.

Slac. True sir, and takes her part too, and ye marke him.

Kni. I marke him: no Slack no, pray heauen a mark not me, but ile instantly sue out a diuorce, hap, what hap shall, but ill's his hap whose wife lies downe to all. *Exit. Knight.*

Enter Wages.

Wag. Of all honest Animalls your Cuckolde is the best, for hee is sure a Gentleman, and knowne by his crest.

Slac. Of all the Occupations that euer man professeth, In my opinion still doth holde, the Carpurse is the best.

Wag. And why the Cut-purse?

Slacks. Because hee will trust no man, for so soone as he hath done his worke, hee is sure to haue his Money in his hand.

Wag. Nay then a Lawyer is a better trade then that, for he is sure of his money before he doth his worke.

Slac. But I pray thee what's the Newes now?

Wag. Why, they say the world is like a Byas-Bowle, and it runnes all on the Rich mens sides: Others say, 'tis like a Tennis-ball, and Fortune keepes such a Racket with it, as it tosses it into Times hazard, and that deuoures all, and for my part they say, twill shortly runne vpon wheelles with me, for my Master sweares he will haue me carted, because a thinkes I haue layen with my Ladie.

Slac. Nay then, twill runne vpon wheelles with thee indeed, but peace Foole peace, when thou art once married, that suspect will dye.

Wag. Peace foole peace, saist thou when I am married? dost heare? I tell thee there is no peace in Marriage, vnlesse it bee with a dumbe woman, no, nor but litle comfort neither.

Slac. No way? why doth the Ballad say then, So sweete a thing is Loue, that rules both heart and minde, there is no comfort in the world to women that are blinde.

Wag. Kinde (man) the Ballat sayes.

Slac. Masse I thinke a bee kinde indeed, yet blind, is the better of the two I thinke, for as thou sayst, if she be dumbe, I am sure sheele say nothing that shall offend her husband:

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if blinde shee'll see nothing that shall offend her, and where he nor shee's offended, there must needs be a peace: but besides this, is there no peace thinkest thou in the marriage of a wife.

Wag. Yes by the mans side, like a Gentleman onely by the fathers side, but it will nere be any perfit peace.

Slac. Why, why wilt thou marry then?

Wag. Because I hope to haue some good behauiour of my wife, for the peace I neuer looke for: but soft ye fellow Slacke, me thinks your suit is like a hard-harted Landlord, it begins to receiue great rents.

Slac. I, I would my Master had giuen mee a suite of Buffe when he gaue me this.

Wag. Phoe, Buffe is naught man, that hath been out of request euer since Souldiers haue been out of date, and they poore men are now vside like Almanakes of the last yeere, either clapt vp behinde the doore, or thrust cleane out of doore: but if thou wilt haue a suite that shall last indeede (lad) get thee a suite in Law.

Slac. O, I doe not like such a suite, for commonly they thathauc many of them goe almost naked for want of clothes, yet I cannot denie but they are very lasting, but they are subiect to many discommodities: so if there be any goodnes in one of them, your Lawyers like moaths, cate shrood hoales to it, but your Countrey Attornies (like lice) neuer leaue writing and wrangling, till they haue crept into it, but when it hath beene well worne and growne thrid-bare, they euen like Lice drop off, and leaue it.

Wag. What saist thou by a suite at Court then?

Slac. I marry Sir, I like that well, for, commonlie hee that hath but one suite, when hee comes there, hath two ere hee come away; for if hee sue by Petition, it lies so long in your Courtiers pocket, that it is another sute to get his Petition backe againe. There is none suddenlie dispatched of his suite there but a Taylor, marrie hee strais not at all, vnlesse his suite bee to haue money for his suite, and so he makes his suite two suites too ere hee goe. But come on, shall we goe see what followes af-

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ter our Masters new divorces

Way. Why is a diuore'd?

Slac. I, I thinke by this time, for hee swore hee would be presently. By my troth, I am sorry for it, for in my conscience it is without cause, it grieues me to see him in these humours; for I thanke his worship hee hath euer vsed me well, I am bound to pray for his life.

Way. And me thinkes that's a strange thing, I see no reason for't that any Seruing-man should pray for his Masters life, considering all that he hath, is in reuerſion of him: but come, let's follow him, for if hee misse vs, heele fret like a grogrom; I, and some like a stue-pot.

Slac. And let him fume, O would his Gall would burst with indignation, then should his tempet procreat my blisse, and enioy that Saint incarnate, but what shall I do, since base nor noble shape can win, a third Iletrie:

And if that faile Knight, goe to Church and pray;

For vengeance wings brings on thy lethall day.

Exeunt, Wayes.

Enter the olde Lord alone.

Lor. Hee that a long way voyage takes in hand, feare dangerous Gusses at Sea, and stormes.

At Land conquering colde that cripels cursed Age, and doubts lest every clowd should proue a storme, and beate his wearyed carkasses to the earth. But O, I would to God my longest journey vnto Death were to bectane, for I doe cast no doubts, hauing lost all comforts; My Sonne I feare, is dead: The losse of him, makes life to mee but like a blister on my Flesh, which grieues me much, and nought can ease, vnlesse it breakes. Oh whilst hee liued, his presence was a force vnto my Age, and gaue it such a Luster, as did enrich my Ring of Life: for Life is but a Ring, beginning in our weakenesse, going round, all vnto weakenesse we returne againe: then to the ground. The World it selfe is but a skilfull game at Chetle; which being ended, Kings and Queenes, Bishops and Knights,

G

into

Cupids Whirligig.

into one Bagge, are throwne at last: So, all of vs both Poore and Rich, shall in the ende into the earth, as into a bagge be cast: Mans life is like vnto a Shippe, that crost by Tempests and by Tydes, some thoughts of his like billowes, swell him vp aloft, another strikes him downe. Thus man as on a Sea, is tost, in fairest weather feares a Storme, and in a Storme the euent, but in the ende hee sinckes, when Life is spent: grieve hath no boundes in Teares, it ebbes and flowes,

Till it haue drowned Life, and ended woes.

Enter Lady, Nan, and Wages.

Lady: But Wages, is there no meanes (thinkest thou) to turne by it, nor to force backe his streame of wrath.

Wag. Yes if warrant yee Madame, if youle be rul'd by me, you shall see ile make him seeke to be friends with you, and intreate mee to speake for him too, but then I would haue you seeme a little strange, but you shal directly raile on him. Therefore I would haue you hide your selues heere behind the Hangings, for t'will not be long ere hee come this way, and then you shall come forth, and frame your behauiour according as our discourse shall require.

Nan. Masse here he comes, lets stand close.

Lady. We will, and Heauen assist thy proiect.

Enter Knight.

Kni. Now Wages, what newes with you?

Wag. That which I thinke will helpe you from beeing inuorc'd.

Kni. Whats that?

Wag. Why, your Ladie is not with childe.

Kni. Is't possible?

Wag. Why how should she, vnlesse some Hob-goblin, some Incubus, or spirit of the Buttery should beget it? why shee, since you were gelded, neuer saw a man but through a window, she hath neuer trode her foot awry, for feare some ill construction should attend her steps, which like a boundles Ocean deepe inrag'd, should drowne her reputation.

Kni.

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Kni. Not with Childe fairest thou?

Wag. Not of my word sir.

Kni. Wages, I would thou wouldst but doe some charitable offices?

Wag. What? Make ye frinds againe?

Kni. True:

Wag. But you'le prooue false, and breake that Friendship?

Kni. Neuer, as I hope to be reconcil'de, therefore tell mee, wilt thou doe't?

Wag. Hum: truly I would doe my good will, but I feare it will be but labour lost.

Knight I pray thee doe but trie; yfaith thou shalt not loose thy paines.

Wag. O lasse sir, you know I must feed one Quail.

Knight That was in my fury man; but wilt thou not doe it?

Wag. Pray sir, if ye can get some other friend to speake in't doe.

Kni. Well, thou wilt leaue me now then?

Wag. Alas sir, what would you haue me doe by my Troth sir, I am asham'd to speake in't: haue ye not gelded our selfe and cut off all the content of Marriage? Why, they that haue the full performance of it, t'is as much as they can doe to please their Wines, and you that want all abilitie, must not onely please her now, but make her amends for the wrong you haue done her heretofore; and how haue I the face to promise that which I know you haue no meanes to performe it?

Kni. Alas man, ile doe my good will.

Wag. Doe your good will, and that's much worth sure, yet since you haue bene my Master, the world shall not say but ile doe what I can, ile persuade what I may, yet shall see there shall be no fault in me.

Enter Lady and Nan.

Masse here she comes, what will you doe now?

Kni. Hee hides me heere, and so I shall know all what shee saies.

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Wag. O this is excellent, come, come, come, and stand close, ye shall heare how ile speakes for yee: and if yee heare your pardon granted, come forth.

Kni. I warrant yee.

Wag. Morrow Madame.

Lad. Morrow Wages.

Wag. Morrow Mistris Nan.

Nan. Morrow Wages.

Wages. The Foxe is caught; his Head is in the Nouze.

Nan. Peace, speake soft; perswade, perswade.

Wages. Faith Madame I haue a sute vnto you, but I am halfe asham'de to speede in't.

Kni. Slight, the Rogue sayes hee is asham'd to speake for me: Hilt Wages, hilt Wages.

Nan. Madame, youre Man would make an ill suter, that is asham'de to speake in his sute.

Wages. What the Dinell aile you, what are you madde? youle bespide anon.

Knight. A Poxe on thee! Art not asham'de to tell her, that thou art asham'de to speake for mee? Hilt, hilt, Wages.

Wages. I thinke the Foole rides you: What will you haue?

Kni. Doeft heare Wages, speake for mee: and by this light ile mend thy Wages.

Wag. By how much?

Kni. Fortie shillings.

Wag. Fortie shillings?

Kni. Three pound, three pound.

Wag. Giue me your hand, ile doe it.

Lad. But what's your sute Wages?

Wag. That you would forgine your Husband.

Lad. What, and receiue his Loue, againe you meane?

Wages. I Madame.

Nan. Merry that were a Iest indeed: Being as hee is. Now, a woman would be loath to turne him amongst her

Ducks:

Cupids Whirligig.

Duckes: Truly Wages: I am ashamed in your behalfe, that a man of your discretion would wage it; therefore prethee speake no more on't, ile tell thee what, I could finde in my heart to speake for him my selfe, but that 'tis such a iealous foole that if hee catch but a Flea in her bedde, hee will bee searching to see if bee a Male or a Female, for feare a come to Cuckold him.

Lad. Well Wages, well: to tell thee truly, I beare no malice, and if I wist he would amend, I should forgiue and loue him with my heart againe.

Enter Knight:

Kni. Yea-faith I will Wife.

Ladie: Why, how now Wages! Haue you betrayde vs?

Wages: I Madame, but 'tis into the hands of those that loue yee.

Nan. Well Wages, well, I did not thinke you would haue vs de vs thus.

Ladie: Is there honestie in this, to set a man behinde the Hangings to euisse-drop our words?

Knight: Be not too angrie (sweete Wife) for yfaith it was my plot: but you haue beene a heauie enemy of mine.

Nan. T'was more for my credits, then to haue beene your light friend.

Knight: Be friends with mee good Wife, for here I doe confesse.

Nan. Your iealousie sprung from your owne vnworthynesse.

Kni. Tis true.

Ladie: Then in hope youle kinder prooue, I am content.

For this know, that a Womans heart will soone relent:

Kni. Then come Wife, let's in.

And Wages, thy paines deserues to be requited:

For separated hearts thou hast vnited,

Cupids Whirligig.

Enter Nucius Singing, with a Glasse in his hand, and making himselfe reader.

Nuc. La, la, la, la, la, they marched out manly by three and by thre, and the formost in Battaille, was Mary Han-
bale. Will you heare of a Spanish Ladie, how shee wooed
an English-man : hum, hum, hum.

Boy.

Boy. Heere sir,

Nuc. Is the Talor gone ?

Boy. Gone, Sir.

Nuc. Goe fetch me my doublet then.

Boy. I goe Syr. *Exit Boy.*

Nuc. Hum, hum, hum, by the greatest terror to Gen-
tilitie, which indeed is Creditors and Sergeants : this Ro-
guish Taylor came vpon me with such a Bill, as a man were
better haue ten Constables and their Watches come vpon
him with their Billes : why (good words, or a dozen of
Ale will please them) but nothing will stoppe these Rogues
mouthes but money ; And yet ysaith I am greatly in his
Rooke, for though I mistrise him never so much, yet the
Rogue durst not crosse me.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Let me see Boy, Masse tis a prettie Doublet.

Boy. The Taylor sir, intreates you to remember your
day.

Nuc. My day ? Gods light, my day ? Why what doth a
take me for, thinkst thou ?

Boy. A takes you for a Gentleman sir, I thinke.

Nuc. A Gentleman, and remember my Day ? No, ile
holdemy life he takes me for some Marchant or Citizen, but
ile make him know my strength, ere I leaue him, hee shall
finde a second Sampson of me, I can breake my bonds Boy,
I can, I can.

Boy. But come Syr, will you pay your Doublet first ?

Nuc. O ! Come, come, plucke, but take heede of my
Ruffe, I pray thee, this Doublet is no little a piece in his-
tory, Not now he is on Syr.

Nuc.

Cupids Whirligig.

Nuc. No, when he is off, I meane *Boy*.

Boy. Belieue it sir, but it becomes ye well though.

Nuc. Doth it indeed? Masse I thinke it doe, me thinks I haue a reasonable good Legge in't.

Boy. So you haue Sir, but your heele is a little too short.

Nuc. Yea, why too short?

Boy. Because your long heele sir, doth alwayes Best become your great Calfe,

Nuc. Why? thy Calfe is not very great.

Boy. O sir yes, why a man shall not see a greater Calfe of your Age: for I thinke you are not aboue twentie.

Nuc. Not so much: But come helpe off my Doublet now.

Boy. I will sir.

Nuc. Come, ile see how t'will looke here, and goe thou and watch the doore, that no bodie come the whilst, hum, hum, hum, if I had a Band for't.

Boy. Why, that about your Necke sir.

Nuc. But what if any body should come the whilst?

Boy. Why doe not I keepe the Doore?

Nuc. Masse that's true: Hum, hum, hum:

O t'is Master Nucome, I know him, a fine Gentleman, yfaith ile salute him by and by, as I passe: Master Nucome I take it, I crie ye heartily mercie, good Master Nucome, I am glad to see you in good health sir, I shall intreate you to pardon mee, I protest I did not know you in that suite, you haue a very faire Doublet on: The Gods give you ioy sir: There is neuer a Lord in the Land may be ashamed to weare it Sir: rap, rap, rap.

Gods light carry away my Doublet, quickly, quickly.

Boy. I warrant yee sir.

Enter a Messenger.

Enter a Serving man.

Nuc. Gods precious my Band, what shall I doe now?

Ser. By your leaue Syr, my Mistris, Mistris Peg sent to see how your worship doth.

Nuc.

Cupids Whirligig.

Nuc. I thanke her very heartlie, I pray commend me to her.

Ser. He doe your commendations Syr, but I pray you be couered sir, I pray you be couered.

Nuc. I thanke you heartily, 'tis for mine ease, the weather is hot, hot, very hot.

Ser. So it is indeed sir, well sir, By your leave sir, ile be so bolde sir, as to carry your commendations sir. *(man.)*

Nuc. Do so good friend, farwell, farwell. *Exit Serving-man.*
What a Beast was I to put off my band, yet the griefe the lesse, because hee came from Peg, which is a Wench I must confesse, doates on my exteriour vertues, but I can by no meanes affect her, onely, because the poore Wretch, in heate of her passion, shall not melt her selfe away in teares, she sometimes inforceth me to sweare and protest I affect her: Marry alwaies with mentall reseruations for my soules health. For you know that sometimes it is pollicie, Courtiers and Statefmen should vse fallacie:

Exit Nucome.

Enter Ladie with a Seruant.

Ladie. Giue charge vnto the Cooke a make not too much hast with Supper, for I hope your Master will be here to Night, and looke you keepe fast the doore, let no man trouble me.

Ser. I will Madame.

Lad. Now thankes gentle Heaven, O bee you smiling still on my designes, and let your influence powre downe good Fortunes: and bee not angrie, nor no more Maleuolent, but make my Husbands reconcilment irrevocable.

Enter Capitaine Wouldly, and Serving-man.

Ser. Syr, I shall be short for letting of you in.

Cap. S blood I tell thee I will speake with her, what wouldst thou barre my chance, when my whole Fortunes liue on the cast?

Lad.

Cupids Whirligig.

La. O Heavens, Starres, Fates, Gods, smile not like Summer on these Waspes no longer, that daily buzzing, come to sting my honour.

Capt. Saue thee sweete Ladie, I heare thy Husband is from home : which makes me come to render thee my persons loue.

Lad. Your Parsons Loue (sir) is most commonly a benefice, O that I should be troubled with this Assle now : doe you heare Sir ? if my Husband should come and finde you here, we were both vndone.

Capt. Your Husband, your Husband is an Assle, by this light, and he should offe r you but an ill looke in my sight, t'were better he had no eyes : but t'is your owne fault. that would not ere now accept of the loue of a Soldier, to haue kept the Slaue in awe.

Ser. O ! how reproachfully the Captaine swaggers, ile away, for feare he grow furious.

Exit Servants

Capt. But doest heare me sweet Ladie, I haue loued thee long, and must now enioy thee. Feare nothing, this warlike Sword of mine shal defend thine honor, this *martiall* blade shall doo't, life it shall yfaith.

Rap, rap, rap.

Lad. Harke, harke, my Husband is come.

Shee looks through the Doore.

Capt. Your Husband ha ! where, where ?

Lad. Tis not hee, but ile trie my Captaines valour now. O sir, my Husband, what shall I doe now ? he hath a Pistoll in his hand too, hee will kill vs both.

Capt. A Pistoll ? Cods my life, what shall I doe then ? I pray hide me somewhere.

La. O no ! as ye loue mee, must inioy mee, and will defend my honour, draw forth this warlike sword : this is the *Martiall* blade must doe it, therefore I beseech you good Captaine, *Now or neuer.*

Cap. Gods precious woman hee hath a Pistoll, a sword, No shield against a bullet.

Lad. O no, no, t's but a sword, now I thinke on't

H

Capt.

Cupids Whirligig.

Capt. That's all one, for Ioues sake hide me, if you can.

Lady. Why, durst you not encounter with him sword to sword?

Capt. Durst! yes I durst, and beat him too, but for your reputation, your honour, I will call your Name in question.

Rap, rap, rap.

Lady. O 'tis no matter for that, Harke, harke, defend me but from his furie now, and I care not for that.

Captaine. Death of Man, what should I doe now? Why, looke yee Ladie, in your defence I would beate him like a Dogge, but hee will haue the Law on me, he will vndoe me with Action.

Shee looks at the Doore againe.

Lad. Belieue me Captaine, I haue bene mistaken all this while, 'tis but a ponyard he hath in his hand.

Capt. Soule of valour Woman, the most dangerous thing in the world, a may either throw it, or stabbe suddenly.

Lad. Faith Captaine, I know not where I should hide you.

Cap. Why any where sweet Ladie, and it be but vnder your Farthingale.

Ladie. No, no, come stand heere.

Capt. Where, where, quickly, pray quickly.

Lad. Stand close, take heed, doe not moue, till I call you.

Capt. I warrant yee.

Lady. Well Captaine, I hope I haue cool'de your courage for comming here againe: and now ile goe see who is at the Doore.

She opens the Doore, and enters Master Exhibition.

Exhib. Your sweete lippes faire Ladie:

Lady. Yet more Flesh flyes, what shall I doe with them Well, I feare Fortune hath dealt me a bad game, by the shuffling of her Cardes thus; that these two Knaues should so come together.

Exhib. You haue a prettie sweete dwelling here Lady; I will euen presume here to vncase my selfe.

Lady. Then I am sure wee shall haue Musicke, for they say, euery Foole is a Fiddle to the companie.

Cupids Whirligig.

Hee Capers three or foure times:

Exhib. What, haue you neuer a paire of Virginalls in the house Lady?

Lady. Indeepe that were good Musicke for the Marchants Daughter, but t'is not good for the Students of the Innes of Court.

Exhib. Haue you euer a Lute then?

Lady. Neither indeed sir.

Exhib. Faith Lady, I remember the first time I saw you, was in *Quadragesimo-sexto* of the Queene, in a Michaelmasse Tearme: and, as I thinke it was the morrow vpon *Mense Michaelis*, or *Crastino Animarum*, I cannot well tel which, but it was at the Christening of Iustice Warrants Childe: And the second time I saw you, was at our Reuels, where it pleased your Ladyship to grace me with a Galliard, and I shall neuer forget it, for my veluet Pantables were stolne away the whilst.

Lady. I was beholding to you for so costly a Galliard;

Exhib. In troth not a whit Lady, for I must confesse vnto you, I haue bene miraculously taken with your Beautie, euer since primo of the King. It may be you feare to entertaine my Loue, because there are a number of idle fellows of our societie, I must needes confesse, which are very scandalous to the reputation of Ladies: but those are your Punnies, (lately come from the Vniuersity) such as take so much on them, by the reading *Aristotles Problems*, as they thinke they could teach their own Fathers to make children, but I am none of those: I loue you, and if you doubt it, be but at the charge to sue out a *Dedimus potestatem*, and ile presently make ye *affedauis* of my affection:

Lady. Pray loue a doe not Coniure in Wealsh, For I know not what he sayes.

Exb. Or make me a Lease but for tearme of life, of your loue, in the remainder of your Husband, prouided alwaies, that if your husband *alien* (or put away) it may be lawful for me to enter, but if I *Alien* (or put away your affection) let it bee then lawfull for your foresaide Husband, againe to re-

Cupids Whirligig.

ceiue, and then to haue, holde, manure, and occupie, *In statu quo prim*: that is, In the state before; and I doe not doubt but your grant in this case will be good, for there is a cause that proues this *In quinto*, of Rich: the third, a Patron was seifd of an aduouſion in Fee, with two Nuns appendant, & thereunto present a parson, with a *Proviso*, that of the incumbent should alien, grant, demise, let, set, or otherwise put away the premises, or any part or parcell thereof; that then it should be lawfull for the Patron (or his assignes) in, and vpon the whole to recenter. The incumbent aliend, the Patron entred, the *Quere* was, whether those two Nuns were any parte of the premises, and by vertue of the *Proviso*, subiect to the recenter: and after long dispute, it was agreed by all the Court, that the *entrie* was good, as well in the two Nuns, as in the rest of the premises: Then much more in this case, where we are both Lay-men.

La. Sure this fellow thinkes he hath some right to mee, and he hopes to win mee by Law, but what thinke yee, if my Husband should come, and enter now vpon vs two, in whatcase were you?

Exb. Why, well enough, perchance he would complaine of me to the Bench, and then I should be put out of comons: that's the worst hee could do, and that's nothing: for I was once put out of comons before, for beating of the Panyard-man and in any within 3. daies after. *Enter a Seruant.*

Ser. O Madam, Madam, what will you doe? my master is come, as I am a true liuing man.

Lad. O laife sir, what shall I doe with you?

Exb. Why hide me some where, cannot ye hide me here?

Lad. O no, no, no, he doth vse to searce all the house still, to see if he can finde any body heere, but ile tell ye what yee shall doe, draw out your Rapier, and goe out against him, and whatsoeuer question he aske you, make him no answer, but onely say, ye doubt not for all this, but you shall meete him, and bee reuenged well enough in another place, and leaue the rest to me.

Exb. I warrant ye,

Enter Knight

Exeunt Exhibition & Seruant.

Lad. Come out, come out man.

Cap. Slight

Cupid's Whirligig.

Capt. S'light woman your Husband will see me.

Lad. Spertious man, that's all one, come out, come out,
Draw your sword, holde it in your hand, make some show
of resistance.

Capt. S'blood woman, hee hath a Pistoll.

Ladit. He hath none, he hath none, by this hand I did but
ieast,

Capt. Nor no other weapon?

Lady. Nor no other weapon,

Capt. Yfaith.

Lady. Why, will ye not believe me? yfaith he hath not.

Capt. Well then, well; Nay, I care not if hee had.

Enter Knight and Wages.

Kni. Why, how now Wife, what's the matter? what stirre
haue we here?

Lady. Why Husband, did you not meete a man, with a
Rapier drawne in his hand?

Kni. Yea, and here's another.

Lad. Alas Husband, hee would a kild this poore Gentle-
man, but that hee came and ranne in heere for shelter, and
because I would not suffer him spoyle him heere in your
House, hee is gone in such a rage as you neuer saw.

Kni. My Faith, and he swore indeed he would be reueng-
ed in another place: Did he not Wages?

Wages. He did inded sir.

Kni. Belieue me, and he might easily haue slaine you sir,
for he had a very long Rapier.

Lad. True, I know my selfe he had the better weapon,
or else I would nere a stood so against him.

Kni. I, had I such a Rapier, I woulda made him runne
like an Irish Lackey.

Lad. I, to haue ouertaken yee.

Kni. Well Wife, belieue me, I thanke ye for this: for I
would not for the wealth of all this Towne he should a hurt
him in my house: Well sir, you shall suppe with me, and af-
ter supper he conduct you to your Lodging my selfe, but
feare nothing

Capt. I thanke you sir.

Exeunt Knight, Lady, Capt.

Cupids Whirligig.

q. Albus Quintus, Scena Prima.

Enter Knight and Slacks.

Slacks. Why, Did you not perceiue it?

Knight. Not. I protest.

Slacks. O monstrous! why, did she not say her selfe, she knew he had the better weapon, for which cause shee stood against him; meaning Bawdery, flat Bawdery, and yet you could not perceiue it: Now by this light, (had you slept but one foote lighter, yee had taken them in the very fast) but you goe dreaming, hanging downe your head, that t'is no maruell your wife makes you a Cuckolde: For the Husband (being the Wiues head,) why the Head goes downe, then the heeles must needs mount vp:

Kni. Ile neuer more heare of reconcilement, but be Diuorced immediately.

Slacks. Straight put her away: why, you may haue Wiues enough.

Knight. O Wiues too much.

Slacks. There's your wiues Kinswoman Mistris Peg, shee is Faire, Modest, Honest, Chast, Wise, Sober, Rich, Vertuous, Discrete, and Honourable.

Kni. And would be acquainted with me saist?

Slacks. Who?

Kni. The Man thou speakest of.

Slacks. Why, I speake of none, I talke of a Woman.

Knight. And haue all these good conditions?

Slacks. I, why not?

Kni. Doe'st know her?

Slacks. I

Kni. Harke thee, rent a Chamber, hang out her picture, take twelue pence a piece at the least.

For enough will come I know.

To see that which none else can show:

Slacks. Slight I thinke the man bee madde, but will yee not haue her sir?

Kni. Yes, if thou tell true, who would not haue her? but first

Cupids Whirligig.

first make winged speede to purchase my Diuorce, holde,
heeres money, make haste, vse no delay.

For all men must for expedition pay.

Slacke. I goe, and you shall be diuorc'd, or else my braine
shall sweat: for what your folly loofeth, my wit shall get.

*Enter Slacke at one Doore, and enter Wages
at the other.*

Knight. O Wages, ile tell thee Newes, I haue sent for a
Diuorce, and what wilt thou say, when I am married to
a new Wife.

Wag. Then sir will I say, as the Prouerbe sayes, marriage
and hanging comes by Destinie: but if yee be diuorced and
will follow my counsell, you shall hang your selfe rather
then marrie again.

Kni. No Wages, I doe not holde that so good: for sure,
Marriage is better then Hanging in some.

Wag. True, in some respect, and that onely because you
haue a longer time of repentance; but I pray sir, ist a Chri-
stian that you meane to marrie? *(Iew ?)*

Kni. A Christian? I, why doe'st thinke I would marry a

Wag. I noe dot like them so well sir, because it is the
fashion amongst them to send Capons to their Godfathers,
for New-yeares gifts, and vpon my life sir, sheele one time or
other clap you vp in a Basket, and send you away for good
handfell: but I pray sir, who is it?

Knight. Peg, is shee not a fine Gentlewoman?

Wag. Beyond praise.

Kni. Hath shee not a piercing Eye?

Wag. And t'were a Ferrit.

Kni. A delicate Nose?

Wag. And it were a Mulberrie?

Kni. Teeth, like two rowes of Orient pearle.

Wages. But the string is broken, and many of them are
fallen out.

Kni. Hands as white as Pelops shoulder.

Wag. I, and as thicke too.

Knight. Wages.

Wag. Syr

Cupids Whirligig.

Wag. Syr.

Knight. Go to her, and measure by thy protestations the depth of my Affections: tell her what I will bee to her, what I haue beene to others; if shee alledge to thee her Couzens presupposed wrongs, tell her, I well could haue bene hood-winck'd to her Couzens faults, so I had neuer seene her face.

Wag. But what shall I tell her if she say you are gelded?

Kni. I, ther's it indeed, theris no excuse for that: yet thou mayest tell her I did it onely to preserue my voyce. Deliuier this iewell to her owne hands, and with it, euen my hearts affection.

Wag. I will sir, and if the Wenches close my proiectes carry, spite of mischance, you shall your own Wife marrie.

Exit Wag.

Knight. Now I must be Frolike, learne to speake well, and wooe with a good Garbe: and now I thinke on't, I haue a pretie conceit of mine owne, I will tell her that the wooing of a young Wench is the felling of a Tree, and the getting of her Friendes good will, like the lopping of the Tree. Therefore, first it behooues mee to heaw downe the Tree, and then ile climbe with ease: but if at first, to fell it I be not able, & allay to climbe it shall be in vaine. Welcome, hast thou brought the Diuorce?

Enter Slack.

Slac. T'is heere sir.

Knight. Come then, lets in, it ioyes mee much, that thou so soone hast sped:

For houres seeme yeere's, till it be published.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Lady, Nan, and Peg.

Nan. But tell mee good Madame, why are you so Melanchollie?

Ladie. To thinke vpon the sawsie importunitie of my Seruant Slack: hee is like a Badge on a Coate, hee is neuer off my sleeue, and yet I shunne him like the Pest.

Peg. And

Cupids Whirligig.

Peg And he followes you like infection.

Nan. Nay, I would he did so by mee, for I protest I loue him beyond my thoughts; I couet nothing like his company. and yet he hates me, loathes my sight, but then comes the Welsh-man your loue, and hee hangs on my lipes, like a padlocke on a Pedlars-budget.

Peg. And hates mee as much; for if I come but once neere him, hee swears I am like a Kybe, alwayes at his heeles.

Nan. Come Madam, doe not grieue at that which grieue can no way mend.

Lad. I would not, if I could mend that which doth cause my grieue.

Enter Wages.

Wages. Newes, Newes.

Nan. What Newes.

Wages. You are diuorced.

Lad. Why diuorced, why? ha. speake.

Wag. Nay, I cannot speake the cause Madame! but questionlesse 'tis true; and Mistris Peg, my Master now makes Loue to you.

Peg. To me?

Nan. To thee, I to thee, goe thy wayes, thou shalt bee a Lady, I euer thought thou wouldst come to some promotion, as the Boy did, that had a bag and a staffe, and beg'd for himselfe, but how dost thou know he is in loue with her?

Wages. Know't, why, I haue seene him stand an houre together, behind an Oaken tree, calling sweete Mistris, kinde Peg; and making speeche to it.

Nan. As how? as how? prethee how?

Wag. Stand you for the Tree, and ile speake for my Master.

Nan. I will, and that most stiffely ysaith. (fesse.

Wag. Then thus he begins, Deare Mist. Peg, I must con-

Nan. Nay then hee is a dead man already.

Wag. Why?

Nan. Why confesse, and be hang'd euer.

Wag. O ho, but I meane hee doth confesse shee's faire.

I

Nan. That's

Cupids Whirligig.

Nan. That's all one, bees but one man, and one witnes can neuer prooue her fast, but prethee on with thy speech.

Wag. Why then this, faire Mistris I must confesse.

Nan. But he will not confesse before witnes, will he?

Wag. Pish, did not I tell you he would speake to an Oake.

Nan. Nay then, that will be a strong prooffe indeed.

Wag. Prooffe, Nay; if that bee not prooffe, how say by this Token?

Nan. I Marrie Sir, would wee had more such Tokens of his Loue.

Wag. This Mistresse he hath sent to you.

Peg. Looke you Madame, your Husband now makes loue to me.

Nan. Sirha, how peart thou art, why looke woman, your Loue as man wooes me, and to me sent his Ring.

Lady. And my man, the Man you so esteeme, spite of refusal, left with me this Chaine.

Nan. This Chaine: for euer may he lincked be to woe, that hates my Loue, and woes an other so.

Wag. Well, lets in, and be but patient all a while, for if the worst doe fall, that euer did befall,
A plot's in chace that shall out strip them all.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Knight and Cupid before him:

Knight. Now if shee should refuse my iewell, and contemne my loue, or contemne my Loue, and take my iewell, what a foole was I to send her a Token, till I had some Token of her affection: as if Women might be wooed with gifts: For when we giue them those things which most we loue, they do esteeme we loue them better then those things wee giue; when they poore Fooles doe but deceiue themselves: for we doe giue as Merchants venture, for a treble gaine, we send them Tokens, onely to get them and their portions. But there comes my persecutor.

Enter Lady:

Knt. Why doest thou haunt me like a Ghost, thou female sinner? thou hast not *bely Church* in thy power, with all her

com.

Cupids Whirligig.

commandements, to keepe mee from thy vnhalloved presence: how durst thou breake the Edict pronounced by the mouth of *holy Church* Man? art thou not Diuorced? is not our separation blowne into the peoples eares, euen by Iehouahs chosen Trumpetter? First, thou didst breake thy vow to mee, and madest of euery *Priapus* a Trumpet; on which thou blowedst thine owne infamie: therefore auoide, thou leauend lump of sinfulness, auoyd.

Lady. O my still beloued Husband, like filth or dirt, doe fly me like a Serpent, which comes to sting thy bosome; I come to kisse; Sweet let not suspect diuorce me from thy presence, though from thy bedde:

*For if you will trust this masked face, I know,
No fountaine purer then my Loue would show,*

Kni. I flie, and hate thee like a Serpents hissing, which comes to sting me with pretence of kissing. *Exit Knight.*

Lad. O faintie teares, and feeble hands, for euer may you close, and neuer part till sharpest grieffe haue cut the heart; strings of my life. Or else let this same braine of mine dissolve to teares, and droppe it selfe euen drop by drop, vntill it make a Sea of woes, that therein I may drowne my wretched life.

Enter Slacke.

Slacke. Alas poore Ladie, I pittie your calamitie, and grieue to see you bruised by my Masters iniury, which makes your eyes like sponges drop these brinish teares, and spoyles a Face, such as was neuer better one framde by the skilfull hand of Nature.

Lad. Auoyd thou slaue, how durst thou woeme? I am like a starre to thee; my Orb's about thee.

Slacke. O! then my Loue is a most cleare and brightest starre: looke not with a maleuolent Aspect vpon me, but let your eyes bright raise vp my life, and so extoll my thoughts.

Ladie. Perish may thy selfe and loue together: Heauens grant againe, I nere may heare of either.

Exit Lady.

Cupids Whirligig.

Slacke. What shall I doe ?

Enter Nan.

Nan. Respect her most, that most of all loues you.
O ! doe not turne away those Eyes, whose radiant beames
first nurst my flame.

Slacke. Auoyde thou vnresistable Torteror, more fretting
to my thoughts then Cankers are to Mettalls. How often
haue I tolde thee of my harred ? For of this bee thou sure
and still remembred : deepe hate (like loue) can hardly be
dissembled.

Exit Slacke.

Nan. I, doeſt thou hate me then ? O brightest Venus,
Now or neuer make thy blinde Sonne see ; and wound his
heart, whose hate hath wounded me.

Enter Nucome.

Nuc. Oh here ſhee is ; pray God my Band ſit well. Faire
Lady, may I preſume with the Bee to ſucke Hony from thy
lippes, for I dream'd the laſt night.

(Wellſhman.)

Nan. Nay, I thought he would wooe me dreaming like a

Nuc. That I was tranſfigured, metamorphoſd, or tranſ-
form'd into a flea in thy Bed.

Nan. But did I not kill yee then ?

(you.)

Nuc. Me thought you did did, but firſt I dream't I ſtung

Nan. Yet againe dreaming, ile talke no more, but be gon ;
for feare I wake him.

Exit Nan.

Nuc. And then me thought, as I was ſkipping from your
knee vnto your thigh, & ſo forth, you told a Gentleman of
it, a friend of yours ; who moſt courtly and ſoftly putting in
his hand to catch mee. Spretious ſhee's gone, ſure t'is the
acutenes of my ingenuitie, which makes my eaſts ſo ſting-
ing, as ſhe cannot endure them : I muſt needs eat ſome of
your new court-water-gruell, to qualifie my inuention.

Enter Peg.

Peg. Thou need'ſt not loue, ſpeake what thou wilt, if
gently thou doe ſpeake, thy words to mee are much more
Muſicall then is a Syrens voyce. Orpheus himſelfe could
neuer ſtraine his high ſtreit'h'd ſtrings to ſuch Melodious
ſounds, as when thy voyce doth pierce the eare.

Nuc.

Cupids Whirligig.

Nuc. T'is but for my wit she loues me I sent her trickes al-
readie: for Courtyers must aswell thriving be,
Haue Noses to smell out, as Eyes to see.

Exit Nucome.

Peg. Despis'de, and left alone, slide brim full of grieve, and
no way to vnload me of my cares.

But through thele running eyes, in streames of teares.

Enter Knight.

Kni. Whose teares like to a cleer, yet poysoned source,
haue with their vapours through thele eyes (the windowes
to my heart) infected all my thoughts. Thy eyes doe shoote
foorth glances like to starres, though seated in a moyst and
rainie Skie, the which hath wounded euen my heart, and I
must die; Lest Achilles launce-like, healed by your eye.

Peg. I pray you seeke some where else, if you be ill,
For I in Surgerie haue little skill,

Exit Peg.

Kni. Ile follow my sute, not ceassing till the most of triall,
For hee's a foole in Loue that takes deniall.

Exit Knight.

(in Loue;

Cupid. Here hath bene a Maze, a Round, a Whirling
How like the spokes of a Ladies Coach-Wheelles

They runne one after another:

And as of them you see neither,

So none of these can ouertake either.

And though yee see them thus forsaken,

They shall be married, but mistaken:

Which for performance yet a while,

I must be labouring to beguile

Onely the men, and make them venter,

To runne a Circle farre from Center

Of their hopes; yet for their good,

Where blinded each like Hawks in hood.

Shall Marry better then they Wood.

Exit Cupids

Cupids Whirligig.

Enter Lady and Wages.

Wages. Nay Madame, it must needs be so, or else the Priest will neuer Marrie me.

Ladie. And so you would haue vs all be Married masked.

Wag. True, to which you all may easily perswade your Louers, telling them withall my Marriage, will be with much the lesse suspect effected.

Ladie. But say, who shall know vs, when our Faces are not seene?

Wages. The better; for then you shall appoint each one of them, to chuse you by their owne Tokens, which you within your selues shall change: Mistris Peg shall weare Mistris Nans Ring, Mistris Nan your Chaine, and you Mistris Pegs Iewell,

Lad. But shall they neede to come naked too?

Wag. O I, by any meanes; onely for some priuate reasons vnto me, in which perswasion if you will practise that you know, you will preuaile.

Ladie. Ile doe my best most willingly.

Wages. Then come Madam, let's in: I know it will doe: For this is held a principle in Schooles, Loue makes not fooles wise men, but wise men fooles.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter foure Boyes;

1. Nominatio, hic, hæc, hoc.
2. A Noun is the name of a thing.
3. Amo, amas, amabi, amare.
4. In speech be these eight parts.

Enter Master Correllion and Wages.

Master Cor. I promise you sir, I had Dinde forth to day, but that you see the weather is Clowdie, and the Heavens lowre on my delights.

Wages. I pray you sir, whose Sonne is that bigger Boy?

M.C. It is Master Parmisins sonne the Cheeke-monger, and the next to him is Master Cauetas sonne the Ferryman,

Cupids Whirligig.

man, two very prettie sparksile assure you. Tobias Parmasine, come hither Tobias, holde vp your head Tobias, and looke and you can see a penny in my brow: So, 'tis well done; What part of speech is *Mentula*?

1. A nounce Adiectiue.

M.C. And why a nounce adiectiue?

1. Because it stands not by himselfe, but requires another word to be ioyned with it.

M.C. Marke you Sir, I teach both substance and meaning; I do not teach as your common people, d, o, b, a, b, bottles; Goe sit you downe againe Tobias, Timothie come yee hither Timothie: How construe you this verse Timothie?
Iam, iam Taurus, Sidera summa putes.

2. *Iam, iam*, O Iohn, Iohn, *putes*, doe thou put, *Sidera summa*, Syder in Summer, *Taurus*, in Tankerds.

Wages. A very forward childe, I promise ye.

Maſt.C. Goe sit you downe againe: Will you heare them all examined Sir?

Wag. Most willingly good good Master Correction,

M.C. Yee shall sir; Sir, I haue taken as much paines with them, as any Poet whatsoever could haue done, to make them answer vpon their *Q.* with good action, distinction, and deliberation: ha, ha, ha, how many diuels are there?

2. Number infinite.

M.C. Looke you Sir, there are an infinite number of Diuels: What is the Diuell?

3. A wicked Spirit.

M.C. What is the nature of that wicked spirit?

4. To worke mischief.

M.C. On whom doth it worke mischief?

1. On all mankinde.

M.C. When hath he most power to worke mischief?

2. When Man hath taken his liquor.

M.C. With what visitations then deludes he mankinde?

3. With strange Earthquakes.

M.C. What is the mans best comfort?

4. To sleepe and slumber.

M.C. Looke

Cupids Whirligig.

M.C. Looke ye now sir, are they not pretty children?

Wag. Very prettie aud, well taught, ile assure you sir.

M.C. Sir, I will tell you notwithstanding all these paines I take with them, yet how vnkindely their Parents vse mee: they suffer their Children to beray the Church-porch: And no longer since then Munday last, came the Officiall, and there being angrie with mee about other matters, hee threw that in my dish, as if I could haue helped it: but I answered him sufficiently: For I tolde him, they that did it, were but the Children and the youth, and youth would breake out in despite of his Nose; or the best mans Nose in the parish.

Wag. I thinke yee spend most of your time with your Schollers heere: yee keepe little other companie.

M.C. Yes sometimes sir, here was yesterday Master Nume the Courtier, doe you not know him sir?

Wag. O very well sir.

M.C. Hee is a fine Gentleman, a good Scholler, and an excellent Naturalist: and truly fell into a great disputation, (peace these Boyes there) and our Argument was, whether a Foole or a wiseman made the best Lawyer. Hee stood for the Wise man, and I most Scholasticalliy, stood for the Foole: and thus I began my *Syllogisme*, (peace these Boyes when I bid ye) your wiseman (said I) vseth few words your Foole, much babling; your best Lawyers vse much babling. *Ergo*, your Fooles make the best Lawyers.

Wag. And belieue me sir, 'twas well proued,

M.C. A flash, a flash, a foolish Schoole-point, a foolish Schole-point.

Wag. O I, and confuted mee too, onely by reason of a scurvie old Prouerbe which sayes, Children and Fooles doe alwayes tell true: but your best Lawyers doe not alwayes tell true: *Ergo*, your Fooles make not your best Lawyers, a most strong and strange Argument.

Wag. I pray Master Correction, let me intreat a Plaiday for your Schollers.

Ma.C.O

Cupids Whirligig.

Ma.C. O Master Wages, they doe nothing else, they doe nothing but play, nothing but play.

Wag. Nay good sir, do not deny me, for I haue some priuate busines with you of great importance.

Ma.C. Nay then sir you shall preuaile indeed: you shall, yet I remember, *Dionysius ille Tyrannus, Sicilia crudelissimus, crudelissimus Sicilia Tyrannus ille Dionysius*: sayes to one of his Pupils: *Huc ades, hac animo, concipe dicta tua.* So I say vnto you all my Masters, *reuerere Maiores*: plucke off your Hats to your betters, and looke yee giue the Woman the wall, and so goe your wayes.

Omnes	{	Gratias:	}	Exeunt omnes Schollars.
		Gratias:		
		Gratias:		
		Gratias:		

Enter Mistris Correction.

Wages. Morrow Mistris Correction.

Mistris Cor. Morrow good Wages.

Master Cor. Morrow sweet Wife, sweete Frisset, sweete Nuptiall.

Mistris Cor. O Master Wages! how doth your good Master, sir Timothie Troublefome? what, doth hee thinke he is a Cuckold still?

Mastr. Cor. An arrant Cuckold (Wife) belieuie it:

Mistris Cor. Come, come, Husband, you are such another; why doe you say so?

Mastr. Cor. Because it is true, Wife.

Wages. Syr, Master Correction you are mistaken I thinke hee be no Cuckold.

Mastr. Cor. Good Master Wages talke no more of Cuckolds; I would they were all in the Sea for my part.

Mis. Cor. Husband, can you swim?

Mastr. C. No Wife, nor I desire not to learne.

Mistr. Cor. I would haue you in any case appoint with my Husband that I may come masked.

K

Wag. Peace

Cupids Whirligig.

Wags. Peace, that plot is already drawne, Master Correſi-
on, I am ſent vnto you from my maſter, who commend
his Loue vnto you, intreating you will giue your diligent
attendance this Euening at the Church, becauſe himſelfe
vpon his Diuorce, is priuately to be married to a new wife;
three other couples he brings with him, they all come
masked, yet I will giue you priuate notice what each one is:
oney I muſt deſire you not to faile.

Maſter Cor. Maſter Wages, your Maſter is the helme by
which my labours are govern'd: and tell him I will ſteare
all the nauie of my actions by his directions: And ſo I pray
commend me backe to him.

Wag. Well ſir then, till then Farewell.

Maſt. Cor. The like to you ſir. Come Wiſe, I hope that
thou ſhalt thrive, for as all your Cockatrices maintaine ſur-
gions by their iſſues: So doth the Priſt and Midwife agree,
I ſet them together, they make worke for thee.

M. C. And truly Husband, ile come to their labours, be
it at midnight, if they ſend for me. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Ladie, Nan, and Peg.

Ladie. Doth my Tyre ſit well Nan?

Nan. Paſſing well, ile aſſure you Madame.

Peg. Prethee tell me too, how am I dreſt?

Nan. Why thou art very well dreſt too, but baſſed admi-
rably: for the threedes ſit in thy Gowne, Marrie thou wantſt
a little Cramming.

Peg. And that's pittie, for I can tell you, I am of my ſelfe
a rare bit.

Nan. Nay then thou art for the Seruingmen, for your
Gallants (I can aſſure you) ride altogether with a ſnaſſle.

Peg. Come, thou haſt ſuch a deale of wit.

Nan. Indcede I had, before I ſpent it amongſt ſuch vn-
thankfull perſons as you are Peg, but I prethee pinne my
Gowne cloſe before: for it.

Peg. That I will, but why then doeſt thou obſcure thy
Brauerie? this thy Petticoate is a great deale richer then
thy Gowne.

Nan. Faith

Cupids Whirligig.

Nan. Faith I weare my cloathes as your Gallants weare their wits, the best side inwards, I scorne to show it.

Peg. But for all this idle talke, I would we had appointed our marriage to morrow morning.

Lady. Then the people would ha stood gazing on vs, and besides, we should haue bene like them in *Dutch*, *(subiect to euery Coblers Interpretation)*, but now being married in the Euening, presently Bed time followes.

Peg. Phoe but t'is not the fashion (thes.

Nan. Tut hang fashion, I loue it in nothing but my cloa-

Lady. Why, thou knowest t'is not the fashion, in all places to lie with ones owne Husband every night. Slight, I had rather lie with a man, and neuer marrie him, then marrie a mau & neuer lie with him, come, come, I speake my minde freely, I am none of these simpering Wenches that come at euery word, and say I forsooth, and no forsooth: & blush at the sight of a Childe, it purs her in minde howt'was made and cries faugh at a wanton iest in a play, and harkens to a bawdie tale in her eare.

Peg. Is'tis but dishonourable, to marriethus, in hugger-mugger; Men will say we are with Childe, and are ashamed to shew our faces.

Nan. Our faces! why our faces I hope doe not show vs to be with Childe, t'is our bellies shewes that, and I hope thou art quicke flesh, and not dead fish: thou wilt not turne vp the white of thy belly, woot? but prethee tell mee, was I not married yesterday?

Peg. Yesterday, why doest aske?

Nan. Because, like a young-married woman thats poysoned before shee is Baud, I begin to long already:

Peg. For what I pray thee?

Nan. Faity, to be a bed with my Husband.

Peg. I alas woman, those that are past Childe-bearing, vse to long for that too.

Nan. Nay, but my Longing yet mee thinkes stretches a great deale longer; For I long to bee a Widdow, that I might haue a new Husband: yet not for any concupiscent desires that I haue in the world.

Cupids Whirligig.

Peg. No, I thinke so too, but onely a desire thou hast to trie the difference of men, and therefore I thinke thou wert best next to marrie and olde man with a white head, because thou mayest sleepe quiet, and not be troubled a nights.

Ladie. By this light I had as liue marrie a Saint Dauies Lecke; No, no, take this of me, whereloeuer thou seest the Snow lie on the mountaines, be assured there's no great heat in the valley. *Nan.* Let me see I would bee a——

Peg. A Priests wife, I warrant ye, because thou wouldest fare costly, and liue easily.

Nan. No, Nan, then marrie a Londoner, for then thou shalt liue a life and t'wer a Lady, weare thy gold neck-lace, and goe in thy Veluet cap euery day.

Peg. True, and then when thy Husband is abroad in Traffique for commodities in other Countreys, why thou maist deale at home for ready money.

Nan. No, not a Londoner, by no meanes. *Peg.* No, why?

Nan. Why, if they haue but a Plague amongst them one weeke, they all crie out of a dead time streight: Besides, if they receiue but a little losse at Sea, they breake streight: and where the Husband breakes, you know the Wife can no longer hold out, she must downe too for want of maintenance.

Peg. Nay then marrie a Soldier, for questionlesse most of them will vse their wiues well, for they loue their Punks exceedingly.

Lady. O but they haue a vile fault too, for they alwayes beget children by day, & then they bee squint eyed: for when the Father lookes one way, and the Mother another, so see if any body come the whilst, how can the childe look right

Lad. What saiest thou by a Ciuilian, Nan?

Nan. O no, by no meanes, for most of their posteritie haue ill lucke, for what their Fathers get by Baudy-courts, they commonly spend it all again in Baudy-houses: No, and euer I marrie againe, ile marrie an Irish Merchant, because they all speake Latine, and indeed are most of them Philosophers by fortune: *Omnis mea mecum porto*: for they carrie all their Ware in their breech: But come, let vs make hast

away.

Cupids Whirligig.

away: I feare our Louers do our comming stay, *Exeunt*

Enter the old Lord, and the Merchant.

Old Lord. You see Master Venter, the greatest comfort that is left me now, is onely in my Neighbors loues; where are these Knaues there?

Enter a Serving-man.

Ser. My Lord.

Old Lord. What haue they sup'd within?

Ser. Not yet my Lord.

Old Lord. Why so, thou art an honest knave, goe see that none want wine.

Ser. I will my Lord.

Exit Serving-man.

Old Lor. I would not haue the worst complaine of scarcity, or want of any thing; for Master Venter, wee shall carrie nothing with vs: for naked we into the world came, without that which we now possesse and haue, and without it, we must vnto the graue.

Enter Syr Iohn Correllion:

O Sir Iohn, Sir Iohn, I thanke you for your Homlie to day; but yet you haue a fault Sir Iohn, the which in any of your Schollers would deserue a whipping; you are come too late, I, and to a Feast and all: well, well, well; but you shall fare the worse for this sir Iohn,

Master Correll: I would desire a word in priuate with your Honour.

Old Lor. With all my heart.

They whisper.

They shall be welcome, euen exceeding welcome, and I thanke you too.

Exit Correllion.

Harken you Neighbour, Syr Iohn tells mee, that to honour mee, in this my predecessours still accustom'd Feast, foure new marryed Couples are hither come in a Maske: newly from the Church, their feete not yet since their Nuptiall haue kis'd their owne thresholds.

Enter Master Correllion, Cupid, and the Maskers Dauncing.

Ven. Tis Signe yee are well belou'd my Lord.

Cupid's Whirligig.

Olde Lord. I am indeed Master Venter, I am indeed.
Gentlemen and Women, yee are all welcome, euen with
my heart: I with my heart yfaith. O Neighbor Venter, my
Sonne and your Daughter now be married, what a ioyfull
maske would this haue bene.

Ven. Tis true my Lord, but they are fledde, beyond all
hope of euer seeing them againe.

Olde Lord. Tis true, tis true; yet though the fruite gone
be, my griefe you see, like leaues sticke fast vpon this Tree:
but come, Neighbor come, lets sit and looke vpon this
youthfull Dauncing mirth, for Youth and mirth haue
daunc'de themselues out at heeles with me.

Nay, pray Genelemen vnmaske, that wee may know to
whom wee shall be thankfull for this honour, How now?
my Sonne?

The first couple vnmaske and kneele.

Ven. My Daughter.

Olde Lord. Now may my Blessing rayse thee from the
ground,

Ven. And mine make thee both fruitfull, and a faithfull
Wife.

Slacke. Why, what are you?

Nan. Mislooke of you, but such is womans constancie,
Constant in nothing but inconstancie:

For, I that first you most abhord,
Lou'd you a slaue, and hated you a Lord.

Slacke. Well, Woodcocke-like, by thy bill, tis my hap;
Thus fast to be caught in a womans trap.

Nuc. Now by my conscience I am deceiu'd;

Peg. No, not a whit, for I will loue you euer.

Nuc. Well, giue me your hand then, since tis my Fate,
What marriage ioynes, ile neuer separate.

Knight. What now, remarked?

Syr Timothy and his Wife vnmasked.

Nan. O Il repent it not, this match is double made, and
twice hath holy *Hymens* fingers tyde this knot.

Kni. Well, since tis thus, henceforth ile loue thee euer.
For, (*Que sera sera,*) gainst what plots so euer; but who
is this, Master Correction?

Maſt. C.A

Cupids Whirligig.

Maſt. Cor. A friend of yours. *They vnmask.*
Spretious, 'tis my Wife.

Nay. O then ſir, 'tis a friend of yours.

Maſt. C. Come ye away huſwife, come ye from him, come.

Miſt. C. Faith ſir no, why is he not my husband? did not you your ſelfe marrie me to him? But doe you heare, you were beſt be quiet, and let me alone, if not, yfaith ſhe tell all.

Maſt. Cor. Tell what thou can, iuſtice, my Lord, iuſtice, I beſeech ye for iuſtice.

Mi. Cor. Nay, I beſeech your Lordſhip too, though I am but a weake veſſel called a Woman, and therfore by reaſon of my baſhfulnes, vnable ſir to ſet forth mine owne tale, yet I doubt not, but I ſhal find good hearing at your Lordſhips hand, if ye will but giue me leaue to open mine owne caſe.

Old Lord. Speake, what are your grieuances?

Mi. Cor. May it pleaſe your Honour in few words, my Husband hath ſoute Wines: and then I hope 'tis as lawfull for me to haue two Husbando.

Old Lord. Speake, what are your grieuances?

Ma. Cor. And like your Honour, I thinke 'tis as lawfull for mee to haue ſoure Wiues, as 'tis for my Parſon to haue ſoure benefices: conſidering I uſe them as he doth his benefices? For I proteſt to your Honour, I nere came nere none of them.

Maſt. Cor. Will not this do it Maſter Wages?

Wages. No, you ſee he hath answer'd it.

Miſtris Cor. Nay then, and like your Lordſhip, I may bee Diuorc'd for another thing, but that I am aſham'd to ſpeak on't,

Knight. Nay, you muſt tell what 'tis.

Miſt. Cor. Truly I am halfe aſhamde. (true)

Old Lord. Come, come, woman, neuer be aſhamd to tell

Miſtris Cor. And I may be ſo bolde to tell your Honour in priuate.

Old Lord. With all my heart.

Miſtris Cor. Truly and like your Honour, hee hath not that a man ſhould haue:

Old Lord. No, why what doth hee want?

M. C. Nay,

Cupid's Whirligig.

M. Correction. Nay pray your Lordship to spare mee now, I am asham'd:

Old Lord. Nay good Mistris Correction, I must know what it is:

M. Correction. Why then sir, I must needs tell: truly a hath never a beard.

Old Lord. Indeed a man should haue a beard.

Well Mistris Correction, your Husband must haue you backe againe.

And thus in friendship ends long ienialous strife,

With blessings well, (sue) Wages wants a Wife.

Enter Cupid.

Ye Gentlemen, whose iudgements sit,

In strict Commission on the vice,

Which from the Authors you did flie,

Her witness all but this is here.

That if you will doe censure him,

His needs is with brains and penne,

A fumber time to please you.

If we be hide you all, Adue,

For well he knows, he hath done well,

And so bee boldly dares to tell.

Yes for the Children ere I goe,

Your Censures I would willing know:

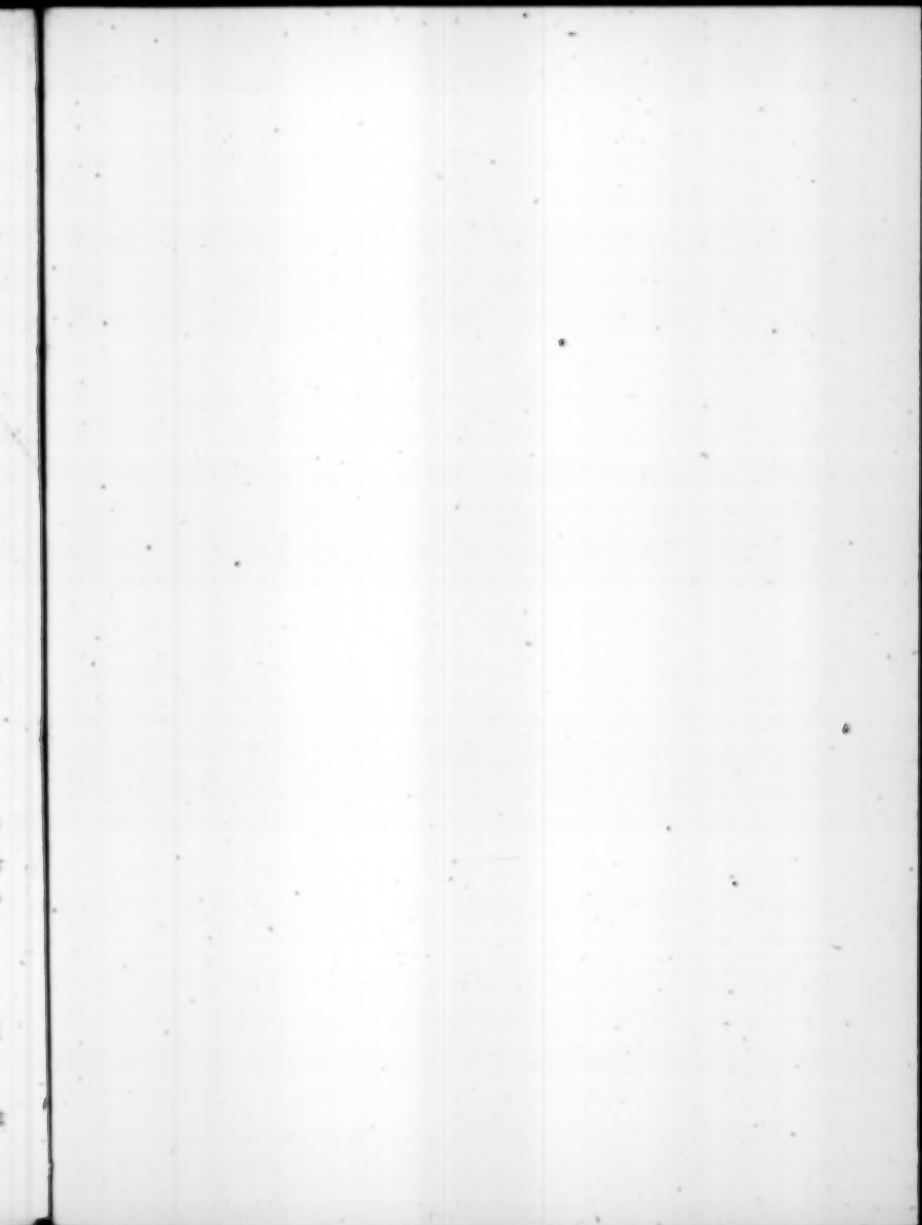
First if you doe the Authors blame,

Whose names are with pardon drawne,

And each of them here hoping stands,

That you will sign it with your hands:

FINIS.



Cupid's Whirligig.

M. Correction. Nay pray your Lordship to spare mee now, I am asham'd:

Old Lord. Nay good Mistris Correction, I must know what it is:

M. Correction. Why then sir, I must needs tell: truly a hath neuer a beard.

Old Lord. Indeed a man should haue a beard.

Well Mistris Correction, your Husband must haue you backe againe.

*And thus in friendship ends long iealous strife,
With alighting well, some Wages wants a Wife.*

Enter Cupid.

*B*Ut Gentlemen, whose iudgements sit,
In spirit Commission on the wit,

*Hee wisheth all but this to know,
That if you will doe censure him,*

*Hee needs is with brains and penne,
A number times to please you,*

*If we be hide you all, Adue,
For well he knowes he hath done well,*

*And so hee boldly dares to tell,
For for the Children ere I goe,*

*Your Censure I would willing know:
For if you doe the blame,*

*Thereto are with pardon drawne,
And each of them here hoping stands,*

That you will signe it with your hands:

FINIS

